

# *The* PRINCE WITHOUT A COUNTRY



MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY





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"I am the spirit of the country to which you have come."  
(Page 28) *Frontispiece*



# *The Prince Without a Country*

BY

MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLE OF GRUMPY GROUCH," "THE ADVENTURES OF A HAPPY  
DOLLY," "THE MAGICAL HOUSE OF ZUR," ETC.



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POPULAR JUVENILE BOOKS

By MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

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THE CASTLE OF GRUMPY GROUCH

DOWN SPIDER WEB LANE

THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR

THE ADVENTURES OF A HAPPY DOLLY

THE MAGICAL HOUSE OF ZUR

THE PRINCE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

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*The Prince Without a Country*



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no 1.



TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
PAULA COOKE  
MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND  
WHO KNEW PRINCE TOONO  
FIRST, AND LOVED HIM  
VERY MUCH







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# THE PRINCE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

## CHAPTER I

### THE LOST LETTERS

**T**HERE was really nothing left of his kingdom. Little Prince Toono of Helwor saw that plainly as he stared at the great map spread there upon the floor beside him.

He raised his head and looked out of the castle window. According to that map, he should have seen a broad level country, with farms and forests and towns, stretching as far away as the line where the sky came down to the earth.

But to-day he thought there must be something very wrong with this world of his. For from that window he did not see fields and forests and towns—he saw just nothing at all!

To be sure, he could have seen something, had he cared to climb into the window seat. He could have looked down on the sides of the steep crags on which the Castle of Helwor stood, and below, to the Black Desert. The Desert, which stretched all around the country which he knew, the country which was his, and cut it off entirely from all the world beside, except Helwor's little sister kingdom, Cadston, perched on other rocks, quite near at hand!

But—the Desert was not shown on this map—and Cadston was shown as very far away!



Here was a picture of his castle standing, not on rocks, but in a big park. Now there was scarcely grass enough for the one cow who gave milk for the castle table! And the map said that about this park stood a great city, with big and little houses, which seemed odd to Toono. He had never seen any little houses! There were big ones left, but now they were crowded tight about the Castle, as if afraid they might go slipping off down the crags at any moment. Even the Castle had a scared, "hold tight" sort of look to it.

"Something," said the little Prince, "is wrong with my country. What is it? I want to know."

And with that he started this story.

Not that wanting to know things was unusual with him. It was not. He got his name from wanting to know so much!

His real name was Algernon Clarence Claude Percival Reginald Cyril Bertie. But it took a long time to say that, so when Algernon Clarence Claude Percival Reginald Cyril Bertie was old enough to point his pretty pink finger at things and say, "Wants to know why," or, "Wants to know how," people laughed and nicknamed him "Prince Toono," because he wanted to know so much!

And Prince Toono he stayed, for every one but his grandmother, Queen Hildegarde Glayds Geraldine Phyllis Maude Mae, and old Lord Nobbie, who had kept the court records for more years than any one could remember, and who, like the Queen, believed in being very stiff and formal.

But they couldn't change the name, because as long as the Prince's parents lived, they used it, and when they died, why Toono himself was king, and did pretty much what he pleased, if he wasn't but a little past ten years old!



So as he liked the short name, he kept it, and had been happy, till this very morning when he had found there was something he couldn't have.

He had been studying the history of his country, and had found that every king who had ever reigned had been crowned.

And he himself had never been crowned at all!

"I want to know why," he had shouted, all down the Castle halls on his way to his grandmother and Lord Nobbie.

And when he asked them his question, Queen Hildegarde Gladys, etc., etc., burst out crying, and Lord Nobbie shook his bald head till Toono wanted to know why it didn't come off.

They told him he couldn't be crowned because there was no money to do it with! Not money to do it properly, but money to do it at all!

"I want to know why," demanded Toono. And they tried to explain it was because the kingdom had fallen off so much.

Why had it fallen off? When had it fallen off? How had it fallen off? They couldn't tell him. Only as Cadston had fallen off in the same way, they thought it was the usual thing for kingdoms to fall off when they got old, as old people were apt to grow thin.

"I'd like to know why," said Toono. "Hasn't the King of Cadston been crowned? And what about Princess Snobina? If I can't be crowned, how can I ever be married?"

"Oh, that's worrying me dreadfully," cried the poor Queen. "Cadston is richer than we are, a little, and what they'll say if we don't crown you soon, I dread to think! Oh, dear," and she cried harder than ever, while Toono, after a comforting kiss, hurried off to the throne room, determined to get down



the old map of the kingdom he had seen there, and try to study things out for himself.

So that was the way he came to say the words that really set things going.

"There's something wrong with this kingdom. I want to know what it is. I want to know." Then suddenly his fist came down with a bang. "I will know," said the little Prince.

And as he said it, a cry of delight came right out from the map! Prince Toono jumped, though he was a big boy and a king boy at that.

Then he gathered his wits together bravely.

"Who are you?" said the little Prince. "I want to know."

"You've said the magic words," answered the voice. And Toono had a queer notion come to him that the voice had once been a fine big voice, and had shrunk to the little one it was now. "You've said the words I've been so afraid no one would ever say. You've said 'I will know,' instead of just 'I want to know.' So I can tell you things I've been longing to tell. But first, I think I'd better come out."

"I think so too," said Toono gravely. "I don't like being told things by a person I can't see. Who are you, anyhow?"

"I," said the voice, "I am the Spirit of Your Country."

"Well, then," said Toono, after a long look at the odd little figure that had crawled from under the map, "I don't wonder that the country is too poor to afford having me crowned."

The little figure grew exceedingly angry, and stamped its funny feet.

"It's not my fault—not my fault at all," it cried. "I didn't do the shrinking first. The people of the country did. And



ashamed and sorry enough I was. But I've had years to think things over, and I've made up my mind it wasn't so much the fault of the people after all. It was the fault of the Kings of Helwor. If they had been wise and kind and clever, as they should have been, the country wouldn't have grown so unhappy and poor that great parts of it fell away, and joined other countries in disgust. It's been the fault of the kings, and never till now have I had a chance to tell one of them about it. I was afraid I'd never have a chance, and that the kingdom would all crumble away, and I'd go with it, and there would be an end of everything."

"Oh, dear me," cried the little prince, "is it as bad as that?"

"It is," said the Spirit. "There's very little left of either Helwor or me. But still enough to work on, if you won't laugh at me, but do as I say. Will you?" And the little figure, breathing so hard Toono could hear its dried-up body crackle all over, like paper, waited for an answer.

Prince Toono looked the little figure over carefully. It was that of a tiny woman, who gave the appearance of having shrunk dreadfully. She was too small for everything. Too small for her clothes, which were evidently very large, indeed, and were wrapped around and around her in clumsy folds, held in place by dozens of strings, and unexpected pins, and odd buttons, and queer hooks and eyes and snappers, with now and then bits of ribbon, or even rope! Too small for her skin, which was most curiously wrinkled, and did not fit anywhere. Too small for her features, which wobbled and looked as if the queer little creature might have caught them up anywhere, and just stuck them on.

Altogether, she wasn't much to be proud of. And yet, the



longer the little Prince looked at her, the more he liked her, and the more he trusted her, too.

At last he threw up his head, his eyes very bright and brave. "I'll do anything I can to help you and my country," he said.

"Good!" cried the Spirit, jumping up and down till she dislocated some of her clothes, and they came tumbling all about her. "I'm sure it's not too late. We'll make it not too late—you and I! You're the kind of king for me! You're the first king for years to think everything wasn't all right—just because it had once been all right. You're the first king who hasn't let everything go. You're the first king—"

"I'm the first king who hasn't ever been crowned," said Toono rather sulkily.

The Spirit gasped, and then laughed. "Very well, then," she said. "We'll work for a smashing big coronation. But that isn't all. Don't you care about—all that?"

"The rest of the country? Oh, yes."

"Do you want back the parts that have fallen away?"

"Yes," cried Toono. "Of course—the forests and towns—"

"And the little houses?"

"Certainly. And a brass band to play for me whenever I wish, and a merry-go-round in the castle courtyard, and a fine big wedding with the Princess Snobina."

The Spirit laughed, but sighed too.

"Well, now," she said, "here's the story—as much as I can tell you. Many years ago, your greatest grandfathers ruled over a large and strong kingdom, that they loved and fought for. I was born with the kingdom, and grew with it, and was proud of it, and worked so hard that people would say, 'What



a fine country that is—and what a brave, bright Spirit there is over there.’ I was proud, but frightened too. For the trouble had already begun.”

“Trouble? What trouble?” asked the little Prince.

The Spirit leaned closer. Her voice grew very earnest.

“They had lost what you must find. They had lost the things that made their country mean anything in the world. They had lost from its name two letters.”

Two letters! Was all this fuss and mystery about two silly letters? The little Prince sat back upon his heels and laughed.

“What funny things to lose,” he said. “What are those letters? I want to know.”

“Do you?” said the Spirit. “Then find out.”

The little Prince was so astonished he nearly tipped over.

“Don’t you know?” he asked.

“Yes,” said the Spirit.

“Then you just tell me right away quick,” cried Toono, who was used to being obeyed.

But the Spirit said, “If you find out those letters you must do it yourself. If you never find what they are, you and your kingdom will both go down to ruin before you are a man.”

Something about her rather frightened the little Prince.

“When I know the letters, will I have everything back?”

“Everything—if you find them yourself and, use them.”

“Will you help me?”

“All I can,” answered the Spirit solemnly.

“Then help away,” cried the little Prince. “Those letters I just have to know.”



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And down he went, as he had lain while studying the map of Helwor.

Only now he was looking into the eyes of the Spirit of His Country, and listening to what she had to say.



## CHAPTER II

### GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD

“**T**HE first thing,” said the Spirit, “is for you to go away.”

“Where?” exclaimed Toono in astonishment. “My tutors and my relations say there isn’t any other place—that counts.”

“Then,” said the Spirit, “you will have to go into the places that do not count.”

“Oh, come—” began the Prince. But the Spirit shook her head so hard her misfit features wobbled all over her face.

“That sounds,” she said, “not like the brave Prince Toono, but like the uncrowned king, Algernon Clarence Claude Perci—”

“Stop!” cried Toono. “That’s enough! I never let even Grandmother get as far into my name as that. If necessary I’ll go, of course.”

“Good,” said the Spirit. “It is necessary!”

“Well, then, I’ll have to run away,”—and the little Prince drew a long breath. “There’s a path down the cliffs at the back of the palace. The gatekeeper’s son showed it to me. He said folks went down to the Black Desert that way, when they were tired of Helwor. But he said they never came back. He went, and he’s stayed. Won’t I come back, Spirit?”

“They never came back because they didn’t wish to,” the



Spirit said. "But you can make Helwor into a country they'll hurry back to. You will want to come, and so you will come, if you are brave and try hard enough, and when you come, you can bring with you not only the people who have gone, but the towns and roads and forests and farms—and the little houses."

"I'd better hurry," he said. "If they catch me running away, they'll stop me."

"You'll do no running," said the Spirit. "You are a king, and must do things in a kingly way. Go to your grandmother and Lord Nobbie, and tell them you understand what is wrong with Helwor, and that you must go out into the world in order to make things right again. And after that—"

"After that," said Toono, "Grandmother will cry and say I've forgotten what I owe to my family and position, and Lord Nobbie will shake his head and talk of 'proper pride,' and the 'great past,' and they'll set a guard around me, and I'll never get away."

The Prince's voice sounded teary, but the Spirit shook him and said,

"Don't begin by being discouraged. Come—get to work. I do want things started." And the queer little thing wriggled excitedly inside of herself.

"I'm—" began Toono, but stopped short. He couldn't say, "I'm afraid," with such a brave Spirit looking at him.

"I'm going," said Toono, instead. And was astonished to see a big safety pin pop off the Spirit's garments and go skimming across the room.

"Great," she cried. "That's a sign you'll succeed! I grew a little then—enough to make one pin too tight for me! When



you do or say brave things, I'll grow, and when I fill out all my clothes, and my skin, you'll have succeeded. Whenever you hear a pop! be happy. It will show you are doing well. Come on now—hurry."

She crawled inside his jacket, nestling against his heart, and off went the Prince, to the Council Chamber where he knew he would find his grandmother and Lord Nobbie.

They looked very important and business-like. No one could ever have told that the state papers Lord Nobbie held were really court laundry bills; or that the Queen's sewing was not embroidery but a suit she was making for Toono from things she had found in the attic.

Both old people shook with terror at the thought of the questions they were certain Toono would ask, so they were relieved when he simply said, "I want to go away."

"Certainly," said the Queen. "You haven't been anywhere for a long time. Call a footman, and tell him to send word to the Commander of the Standing Army for an escort for you, and send the escort for your tutor. Then you can go to play with your cousin, the dear little Duke of Bore, or over to Cadston to see the Princess."

Now Toono had always been told that Snobina was the brightest and most beautiful girl in all the world. And he did admire her golden hair and blue eyes very much. But she had a habit of turning up her pretty nose at everything, that did not suit him at all. But Snobina's mother said she had been born that way, and was very proud of it. She said all true princesses turned their noses up at ordinary people.

But now, the thought of that sneering little face made Toono shrink from seeing it.



"Better not see her till the Spirit's grown into her clothes and the country's won back," said Toono, right out loud.

"Whatever do you mean?" demanded the puzzled Queen. And the Spirit pounded him with her tiny fists and whispered, "Not a word to any one—you must remember or we'll fail."

She flustered Toono so that he could hardly talk at all, but they did make out what he wanted to do, and began to cry and to storm as Toono had said they would.

But Toono, with the Spirit's aid, kept to his point.

"I'm going," he said. "I must, for the good of every one. This is my country, and I'm going to rule it in my life time, not in the Great Past. Nothing is great now but our debts, and I must get rid of them. Debts are disgraceful. I'm sorry to have you cry, Grandmother. I'll be sorry to think of Snobina turning up her nose at me; but I must go."

And go he did, for the Spirit helped him.

But he was a little frightened himself and he scared the whole country before he got away.

In the morning he called all his subjects into the Castle courtyard, to bid them good-by. Such a pitiful lot! All old! There were only two boys, five girls and one baby left in the kingdom, and their grandparents kept them tied up at home for fear they would run away, as others had already done.

So Toono looked out at rows of white heads. Shriveled nobles and court ladies, wrinkled servants and withered merchants and lawyers and doctors, and the poor, bent, wavering lines of the Standing Army, made up of men so old they all carried camp stools slung on their backs to sit upon whenever they could, so that it was really a Sitting Army after all. Toono did not make a speech. He just said:



"I'm going away to bring back prosperity to Helwor. I'm going to bring back all Helwor has lost. Good-by."

And those whose sons and daughters and lands had fallen away sent up a feeble cheer.

But the next moment they shrieked in horror.

"Open the Great Gates," Toono had ordered.

Now the Great Gates were of bronze, very handsome, and very high. They shut the kingdom in from the rest of the world, and it was whispered that the longer they were kept shut the higher and thicker they grew.

They stood at the edge of the steepest crags, and had not been opened in more years than even Lord Nobbie could remember. Once the Great High Road of Helwor had led through them. But when the Road had fallen away with the country it led to, the Great Gates had stayed shut; and yet there was an impertinent little Prince demanding them to be opened!

"Go down the little back path," cried the people. "If the Great Gates are opened the rest of the country may fall away."

"It won't," whispered the Spirit to Toono; "go on."

So finally the Guard of the Gates, three very old men, who had done nothing for years but sit by the Gates and polish them, came out with the keys.

They set them in the locks and turned them, and a groan went up from locks and people too!

But when the old men pushed, the Great Gates never stirred!

"Push harder," ordered the little Prince. And the old guards pushed, and the Sitting Army got up from its camp stools and went and pushed too, so that there were rows of white-haired men, all pushing, pushing, and yet the Gates held fast!



"Take the little back path," cried some. "Don't go at all," said others. "Let well enough alone," whispered a few.

But Toono's head went up and his eyes grew bright. "There's been too much of that," he said. "Maybe those Gates won't open because you don't want them to. There's no real spirit in your pushing. Just let me have a try."

Manfully he rolled up the sleeves of his blue velvet jacket, went to the Great Gates, and set sturdily to work.

He pushed, and the Spirit pushed too, bursting off so many buttons and pins as she and Toono worked that Queen Hildegard, Gladys, etc., who of course thought they all came from Toono's clothes, expected to see everything drop off the boy at any moment.

But—his clothes held, and the Great Gates didn't! Slowly the big hinges creaked beneath the strength of the determined eager little Prince. Slowly, but steadily, the Great Gates swung open! And nothing happened! The remnant of Helwor still held safe, and the people, peering curiously out, saw more of the world than they had seen before in years. The Prince stepped forward.

"Why!" he cried, "here's a bit of the Great High Road of Helwor left, sticking out like a shelf."

"Come back!" cried his poor grandmother. But the little Prince stepped upon that shelf of road, and beneath his feet it turned into a path, steep, but safe, which led down the crags to the Black Desert, and along it Toono walked till he stood upon the Desert itself, at the foot of his little Kingdom of Helwor.

Then he turned to wave "Good-by." The people had grown braver, and were crowded in the Great Gates, looking



out. But suddenly they gave a cry of fear. For, Toono's feet once off the path, it had raised itself, broken straight off at the very threshold of the Great Gates, and gone flying away through the air!

"Shut the Gates—all of the rest of the kingdom will go too," Toono heard people calling up above. And as they put plenty of spirit into the work this time, the Gates went shut with a clang like a clap of thunder—but with what was left of the poor old kingdom still safe inside them.

"Oh, I'm glad the country's safe," said Toono.

The Spirit laughed.

"Fuss about nothing," she said shortly. "What did they expect that road to do? Stay there sticking out into space with nothing to do forever? The rest went long ago, but that bit had to stay till over it a King of Helwor marched out to save his country. King marches, road goes. Zip—bang—all over. Nothing to worry about."

"But the people didn't know that," said the little Prince. "Are you quite sure the country is safe, Spirit?"

"I am," said the Spirit, decidedly. "Do you suppose I'd start on a journey if I thought it wasn't? Oh, no! If it went, you'd be left without a home or country. That would be bad enough. But as for me—there just wouldn't be any me! I'd have to vanish too! I was born with the country. I'm prosperous or poor, big or little, with the country. I live with it and I die with it! So trust me, and come along. There's a great deal for you to do! On to the hunt of the two lost letters of Helwor!"

And with the Spirit of His Country guiding him, Prince Toono started bravely out into the great new world before him.



### CHAPTER III

#### CROSSING THE BLACK DESERT

**I**T was surprising—the quickness with which the Kingdom of Helwor, perched high upon its dark and frowning rocks, sank out of sight.

Toono had thought he would see it for a long time, but in just a little while it had faded quite away.

The little Prince was glad. The sight of Helwor made him homesick, and as long as he could see it he had worried about his grandmother, and old Lord Nobbie, and Snobina, and wondered if the Spirit really knew, and if they would all truly be there when he came back again.

Snobina could play with the Duke of Bore all she wished now. They always did get along well together. The Duke of Bore liked turning up his nose at things too. But to-day Toono did not care. He was happy!

“Hooray!” cried the little Prince, throwing up his blue velvet cap till the feather streamed out in the wind. “My, but it’s good to be all alone!”

Never before had he known the joy of being all alone.

But the Spirit moved upon his shoulder. “You’re not alone,” she said gently. “I’m always here.”

“Humph—so you are,” said Toono, in such an angry sort of voice that the poor Spirit drew back again, and the little Prince forgot her.



He traveled on, singing at the top of his lungs, whistling, running, shouting, like any other boy out in a big field on a sunny day.

For the Desert had proved not to be a desert at all—once a person got fairly started into it! The horrid black sand, that had given it its name, lay close about the crags of Helwor, but farther away it grew white and pretty, and then the desert turned into a meadow, with trees, where a boy could rest in the shade, butterflies he could chase, white-tailed rabbits he could laugh at, and birds he could make friends with.

“Why, I could travel days like this, and enjoy every minute,” said the little Prince to himself.

But it wasn’t so much fun as the evening drew on. The sky grew a soft pink that reminded him of the blankets on his bed at home. Only here there were no blankets—there was no bed!

The rabbits went home. There wasn’t a sign of a butterfly. But there was no place for the little Prince!

“It is awfully mournful—this being alone,” said Toono.

Never in all his life had he known the sorrow of being quite alone before.

“You’re not alone—I’m always here,” said a little voice. And the forgiving Spirit crept out and patted his cheek lovingly.

“Why, so you are!—how jolly! My, but I’m glad,” said Toono. “It’s good to have some one to sit up with me. For I’ll have to sit up all night, won’t I, Spirit? There isn’t any bed.”

“Poof—healthy boys don’t need beds,” said the Spirit.



"You watch. What's the good of having a whole lot of undergrown clothes if you make no use of them?"

And she began busily untying all her tapes and ribbons and strings, unhooking her hooks, unbuttoning her buttons, unpinning her pins, unsnapping her snappers, till there fell about her yards and yards of soft warm cloth, enough to have cuddled ten boys up comfortably, instead of one!

"There," said the Spirit. "You see? What about your supper?"

"Oh, the castle cook fixed that," said Toono, pointing to his bundle. "Such heaps of goodies. Want some?" The Spirit shook her head.

"I don't use that sort of food," she said. "It's brave deeds and kind words I want, and the more of them you give me the bigger I'll grow and the sooner you'll be home again. And when you do mean things, or cowardly or unkind things, I shrink—remember that! Now—are you ready?"

And when he was well wrapped up for the night, the Spirit sang him old Helworian songs, and told him stories of the great days before those two letters had been lost from Helwor's name, and it was a mighty and a happy land.

Toono dreamed all night of letters—lost letters—but he never found the right ones, even in his dreams, and when he woke he was more eager than ever to go on.

So for a number of days they traveled, till at last Toono saw one morning that he was getting near his journey's end.

The country wasn't so flat, and he saw a grove of trees standing in ranks, like soldiers. It was an apple orchard, though Toono didn't know it. But Toono had had a few starved little



apples, and he fell upon these yellow, summer ones with delight, and sat down and ate and ate!

His mouth was very full when suddenly a voice said, "Why, hello, bub! What funny clothes! Where'd you escape from?"

Toono was angry. He was a king, and he shouldn't be spoken to in that way at all!

He straightened himself proudly, and looked up at a very big little boy, a boy who was almost a man, and who wore queer long trousers on his legs, and a blue shirt without a tie, and a broad-brimmed straw hat, without any feather in it!

"My name is not Bub," said the Prince coldly. "My clothes are not queer. Yours are. And I have not escaped from anywhere. I have just come!"

"Well, lawsy me, fudgity pshaw!" said the Big Little Boy, in what Toono thought a strange new language. "What is your name, if I may be so bold as to ask, kind sir?"

"Certainly," said Toono, in his most kingly way, not having an idea that the Big Little Boy was making fun of him. "My name is Algernon Clarence Claude Percival Regi—"

He intended to go on to the bitter end, adding "King of Helwor." But the Big Little Boy didn't let him. Which was lucky.

"Help!" he cried. "That's enough. Now wouldn't a name like that jar you?"

"No," said Toono gravely; "I think it is rather long, of course, but I never noticed that it jarred me any."

The Big Little Boy stared at him. "Say, kid," he said, "are you just green, or off in the upper story?"

"Neither," said Toono, a trifle angrily. "You can see what



color I am, and how could I be off in any upper story when I'm here on the grass with you?"

"Oh—mercy!!!!" said the Big Little Boy. And with one last, long look of astonishment, almost fright, he took to his heels and ran.

"Well," said Toono, "that was the very strangest boy, in the very strangest clothes, ever anybody saw."

Suddenly, beside him, there was a shout of laughter.

There was a most astonishing sight! Two Spirits! His own, and beside her another, like her, yet so unlike! For this new Spirit was as big as his was little. Her features fitted with hardly a wrinkle, and very beautiful features they were, too; and her robes swept grandly over her tall handsome body. Her eyes were very sweet and her mouth very tender and true, and as Toono looked at her round white arms and lovely hands, he thought how strong they looked and yet how soft and warm.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Toono. "And who is this new Spirit? Tell me. I want to know."

The Big Spirit stopped laughing, and looked at him and he loved her right away.

"Who are you, please?" he asked again.

And she answered, "I am the Spirit of the country to which you have come."

"Oh!" cried Toono. "Was my Spirit ever as big and beautiful and strong as you?"

"Certainly—as she can be again, if you'll help her," said the Big Spirit.

"Oh, I will try," cried Toono. "Will you help too?"

"I will. That's what I came for. And my first 'help' is to tell you you must remember that you are in a strange new



country, among new people and new ways. That Big Little Boy, for instance. You thought his clothes were odd—and they were to you! But they are the kind of clothes all country boys wear here, and yours seemed odder still to him!”

“Oh,” said Toono, rather blankly, looking down at his fussy velvet suit. “What about his words? He did say the strangest things ever I listened to. He can’t talk right.”

“Oh, yes, he can,” said the Spirit, her eyes laughing again. “He was just a little slangy.”

“Slangy?” questioned Toono. “What is that? Tell me. I want to know.”

And when the Big Spirit explained, as well as she could, he wanted to learn it all right away then and there.

“You couldn’t—not in months,” said the Big Spirit. “And you must never use much. It wouldn’t be princely. But when you don’t understand people, don’t get angry. The most important thing now is for you to get rid of your clothes.”

“Why?” asked Toono. He liked his clothes very much.

“Because they’ll look so odd here. You’ll understand when you’ve been about a bit.”

Toono didn’t like this, but took it so bravely he heard a button fly pop off his Spirit’s garments, and felt repaid. “What else?” he asked.

There seemed to be a lot of things. His name, for instance. People here didn’t have so many names. He must have a short one. And there weren’t any kings or princes, so if he kept his title he would seem queer, indeed. After some discussion, they decided he was to be “Tony Helwor.” Tony because it was like Toono, and Helwor because it belonged to him, and the name would always keep before him the thing he had to do.



Then the Big Spirit looked at him gravely. "Little Prince Toono," she said, "there is no way in which you can find out things about my country that may aid you except by living in it. You can not know my people unless you live among them. Do you think we can help you? Do you wish to stay?"

"Yes," said Toono. "There must be lots to learn in a land where there is such a beautiful Spirit, and the apples are so good."

The Big Spirit smiled but sighed a little too. "I have my worries," she said. "People here don't live up to me as they did. I'm wrinkling just a little. But the country hasn't fallen away yet, and I'm trying hard to keep up the spirit of all that's fine and true and generous. And, above all, to keep before my people the need of work."

"Work?" cried Toono in disgust. "You don't want any one to do work, do you—common work?"

"There, I ask you—is it any wonder—" began the Little Spirit.

But the Big Spirit said softly: "Why, Prince Toono, work isn't common. Work is nothing in the world but helping."

Toono's eyes opened wide. That was a new idea.

"You will have," the Big Spirit went on, "seven adventures. You will live seven different kinds of lives, among seven different sorts of people. If, at the end, you still do not know what is wrong with Helwor, you will have to go away. We will have done our best for you—and failed."

"I'll find out. I'll work," said Toono. And was hit on the nose by a flying button for reward. "Of course there'll be some one around to help now and then?" he asked, as he rubbed his nose and smiled at the Little Spirit.



"Oh, no—you must do things alone, or they won't teach you anything," said the Big Spirit.

Toono's eyes grew big, and his lips trembled. But he didn't whimper. "Very well," he said. And got a snapper from his Spirit's garments tangled in his hair!

The Big Spirit smiled. "You can't have help," she said, "but you may have company—of a sort."

"What sort?" cried Toono excitedly. "Oh, Spirit, could it be a dog? The last dog in Helwor died two years ago and I've missed him so. Could I have a dog, for all my own? I could go through anything then. Boys and dogs go together, you know."

"Why, it's exactly what I'd suggest myself," said the Big Spirit. "Look!"

Toono gave a cry of delight, and kneeling down, put both arms around the neck of a puppy who had appeared out of nowhere.

A big, jolly, doggish puppy, with brown eyes shining with friendliness, pink mouth spread in a smile.

"Bow," said the puppy, kissing Toono with his chilly nose; "bow wow wow wow."

"Hooray!" cried the little Prince happily. "I can go anywhere now. Let my adventures begin. I'm ready."

"Good," said the Big Spirit.

Leaning down she took boy and puppy up in her arms and tossed them out into the middle of the first adventure.

The redeeming of Helwor had begun.



## THE FIRST ADVENTURE WITH THE CIRCUS

**W**HEN the Big Spirit let go, Toono felt himself falling through the air, but he just hugged the puppy tighter, shut his eyes, and waited for the jounce.

But no jounce came! He landed safely and softly on his feet, the puppy slid out of his arms with a joyful yap, and Toono saw that he was standing in the middle of a city of tents.

The puppy was just sticking his jolly awkward nose into the open flap of one of them, and Toono looked inside too, and gasped. For there were certainly as many trunks as ever his grandmother found in the attics at Helwor, and they were spilling out just as gay clothes as those ever did too.

"Humph," said Toono. "I don't see why the Big Little Boy had to think my clothes were queer when they have such gay ones in his land too," and as he said it, a tired, pleasant-looking woman with a needle in her hand came toward him.

"Are you making over these things for your children?" asked Toono, and the woman laughed.

"Not exactly," she said. "This is the ladies' dressing tent. I'm mending costumes. I see by your own clothes you're with the show. Where do you belong? Oh, with the trained dogs, to be sure. What a beauty that one is."

Now Toono already loved his puppy deeply, but he did not



really think any one could call him beautiful, and he looked about in surprise—surprise that quickly turned to deep astonishment. For nothing could he recognize about the dog he saw, except his grin!

He wasn't awkward any more, or rough coated, or puppyish. In the twinkling of an eye he had changed into a big fine French poodle with a clipped body, a shaggy, lion-like head, a tasseled tail, and silky bracelets of black hair about his slender legs.

Toono gasped. He was just going to say that this dog couldn't be his, when suddenly the smile he knew came and before his very eyes that poodle winked at him and nodded!

"Good dog," said the woman. "What is his name?"

"I—I don't know," said the little Prince. But he mumbled the words so through astonishment that they slid together and he himself was not surprised when the woman said, "Dunno? That's an odd name and a good one too. Dunno—sit up and give me your paw, sir." And to Toono's delight and surprise, the dog gravely sat up and obeyed her.

"Well, I know something to call him, anyway," thought Toono, never guessing that the name was the best he could have chosen for this very astonishing friend of his.

"Have you two had your breakfasts yet?" asked the woman, and to the astonishment of Toono himself that dog solemnly shook his head!

"Well, my goodness!" cried the woman. "He is smart! If that's true, you'd better hurry or you won't get any. It's late. Right over there's the eating tent. Hurry now." She pointed and they ran together to the door of a bigger tent, with long narrow tables inside, at which people sat eating so fast that



Toono thought at first there must be an eating race. He slid into an empty chair, his dog crawled under the table and rested his head on Toono's knee. A man slapped a plateful of hot food down, and they ate together.

When they were through, a startling thing happened. The dog looked up in Toono's face and said plainly: "Never be surprised at anything that happens to me. You have heard of changeable silk, haven't you? Well, remember I am a changeable dog."

"What's that?" cried Toono. "And can you really talk?"

"Sometimes," said the dog, and then ran out.

Toono decided that a dog like that knew a lot more than he, and he had better follow him. So he did, and the dog led him around in the most interesting places, where men were harnessing horses in gay, bright harness and fixing beautiful big wagons, and feeding animals, the like of which Toono had never seen or dreamed of. He actually thought the elephants were houses and was frightened when they moved!

The men were getting ready for the street parade, though Toono didn't know that—for he didn't know where he was! He had read of circuses, but poor old Helwor never had been visited by one in his day, so he just looked and listened and wondered, and nobody turned him out because, on account of his clothes, every one thought he belonged to the circus!

But at last he came to a flat, broad wagon that made him homesick. For on it was a throne, much like his own at home. And a cross-looking woman, in clothes something like his grandmother wore, was climbing up on it and scolding because no one had got her a page. "And you promised one surely for to-day," she said. "What is a queen without a page?"



Toono ran forward eagerly. "Let me—oh, let me," he cried. "I know just what a page should do—I have them at home, you know."

The woman and the man she'd been talking to stared at him. Then they laughed.

"Funny little chap—but he looks the part," said the man. "Up you go—and if you like the work, why go on with it." Work—why, was this work? Toono's heart grew gay. This was fine. He'd love to work, he knew, if it was like this.

"The dog, too—my, my, he certainly adds to the picture," said the woman. And looking down, Toono nearly fell off the wagon. For the big black poodle had turned quicker than a wink into a little, little dog with very long white hair, and he lay on a red velvet cushion as if he had never done anything else in all his life. Only—he smiled up at Toono with that broad, fine, doggy grin, and Toono knew him for his own at once and smiled back, puzzled but happy.

Then the wagon began to move slowly, and it drew into its place in a long, long line of other gay wagons with big horses. And somewhere a band struck up a bright, swinging tune that made Toono's toes twitch to be dancing, and then—why, then they were out in the great new world, going down the streets of a great new city, and Toono was having a wonderful, wonderful chance to see these people among whom he was to live, and from whom he was to learn.

And he looked and listened hard—so hard that he heard many interesting things from the people who packed the streets, and among them that this was the thing he had always longed for most—a circus! And he thought of the day when



he would be crowned and how then he'd show a circus—three, four—ten of them—to the poor dull folks at home!

Toono made such a very good page indeed that the cross look on the face of the woman who was pretending to be queen went all away, and she gave him strange, delightful, new things to eat, called peanuts, and when the parade was over patted him on the head and told him what a fine boy he was. And then he wandered into the big tent and nobody saw him to put him out, so that from a corner he saw the whole performance, and clapped his hands till they hurt, and stared till his eyes felt stretched. At last he looked from the people in the ring to the people on the benches.

"There's one other person who's as interested as I," thought Toono, and he looked at a seat near by where sat a small square baby boy, with round eyes that seemed big as tea cups. And suddenly they turned and saw Toono. The square baby boy stared, Toono stared, and then the baby pulled at the little girl next him and she turned too, and looked at the little Prince, and suddenly he decided that Snobina was not the prettiest girl in the world after all, and that a little girl's nose did not have to turn up to be dainty. The little girl smiled softly, pulled the baby boy towards her, put her arm around him, and they both looked back at the ring. But Toono kept his eye on them, and after the performance he watched and followed them out in the crowd, never thinking how odd he in his little velvet suit and feathered cap must look amongst all these ordinary people in their strangely plain, dull clothes.

But suddenly the square baby boy turned and saw him, and broke away from the pretty, dark-eyed girl, and rushed back and got straight in front of Toono,





"Let me pinch you to be certain sure?" asked the baby boy.  
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"Are you real?" he demanded. And Toono, laughing, nodded.

"Let me pinch you to be certain sure?" asked the baby boy.

"Why—yes," said Toono.

And the square little boy put up a square, strong little hand and pinched till Toono cried, "Ouch!" and the pretty, dark-eyed girl rushed back, calling, "Oh, Honey Bunch—you naughty baby, however dared you?" And begged Toono's pardon.

It made quite a little stir among the crowd, and people laughed, and the baby went off crying and saying, "I couldn't know he was a real boy till I pinched him. I couldn't, could I, Ruth? I didn't mean to be naughty."

People laughed harder then, and looked more at Toono, when suddenly a big man came up looking angry. "Get back among the tents," he ordered. "You know very well performers aren't allowed out among the crowd." And he took hold of Toono's shoulder and led him back, shoving him at last so that he nearly fell.

Toono was a king. No one had ever done such things to him before. He wasn't only hurt—he was angry. "You—" he began. But suddenly he stopped. A soft nose poked up against him.

"Wow—bow wow wow wow wow," said a friendly voice. And there was his own big, rough, loving puppy dog, wagging around his feet again and saying, "Never mind, I love you," as hard as a puppy dog could.

"Oh, I am so glad I have company," cried the little Prince.

They had some supper, and roved around the little town of tents some more, and then it was time for the evening per-



formance and Toono crept in to see that. But some one found him this time and turned him out, and he wandered among the animals again and saw that they were all being put to bed. It made him want to go too, for he was tired and sleepy. But where?

"Where shall I sleep?" he asked a man who was working round the elephants.

"Wherever you belong," said the man shortly.

"Where's that?" asked Toono.

"Why, with the people you work with, of course," said the man. And Toono wandered on.

The people he worked with! So it paid to work, did it? Gave you a right somewhere? Very well—work he would. Soon they came upon an empty barn, and the puppy went rushing in and began to bark as if he had found something worth while.

So he had, for when Toono followed him he saw a big pile of loose hay in which the puppy was already making a nest.

"Bow—bow wow wow," said the puppy.

"It is a good place, isn't it?" asked Toono. And he made a nest beside the puppy and lay down, pulling the hay about him. The puppy snuggled close and kissed his hands and put one small wet kiss on Toono's chin.

"Bow wow wow wow," said the puppy, softly, and settled himself to sleep. In just a second Toono heard some puppy snores.

"My, my—how did I ever live so long without a dog?" and his arm around his new friend, he too went very sound asleep. His first adventure was ended.



## CHAPTER IV

### WHAT TOONO DISCOVERED

**T**OONO woke because the puppy did. He felt the warm body wriggle against him, a cold nose gave him a kiss one minute, and the next a wagging tail was poked into his right eye.

Toono opened the other, and then sat straight up.

For the puppy was jumping around the skirts of the Big Spirit, as she stood in the doorway of the old barn, with the Little Spirit settled on a fallen beam just beside her.

"Why—good morning," said Toono. "I didn't know you were here."

"No," said the Little Spirit, "we didn't intend you to know till you wakened. How do you feel?"

"Never was better," cried Toono, stretching his arms and rubbing his eyes. "I would like a bath and some breakfast—"

"All in good time," interrupted the Big Spirit. "What you must tell us first is—did you learn anything yesterday?"

"Learn anything?" cried the little Prince. "I should say I did! I learned a lot of dandy slang, without having to have it really taught me—just listening."

"Humph," said the Big Spirit, "that's nothing to be proud of. That's the way most folks do learn slang."

"Is it?" asked the little Prince eagerly. "I'm so glad to be like other people. Well, then, I learned how folks dress here, and—"



"But—nothing about what's wrong with Helwor?" interrupted the Little Spirit eagerly.

Toono looked worried. "Am I expected to learn something at each adventure, beginning right straight away?" he asked.

"Of course," answered both Spirits at once.

"Oh, well—" and the little Prince puckered his forehead up and rested his chin on his hand and thought.

"I know," he cried. "Helwor needs a circus!"

The Big Spirit smiled, but it wasn't exactly a funny smile, and the Little Spirit, and even the puppy, looked sad.

"Oh, I don't mean that exactly as you think I do," cried Toono. "Of course I want a circus there, after I've saved the country—a real circus. But I mean that Helwor needs fun. It's too solemn. It needs something to make the people laugh."

The Spirits nodded at him, and looked happier.

"Yes," they said, "you are right. That's one thing."

"You needn't be sad," said the puppy unexpectedly. "He's done very well for a beginning. If he learns one truly important thing at each adventure, that ought to be all he really needs to know."

"That's very true," said the Big Spirit. And suddenly all the wise grown-up-ness went out of the puppy's face and he gave a little "Yap" of pure puppy joy and began to chew an old shoe in a very puppyish way, while Toono, more astonished than he had been yet, stared in silence.

Then suddenly he whirled around. "Who is that dog? I want to know! Why can he sometimes talk and sometimes not? Why does he keep changing into different kinds of dog all the time? Who sent him, and where did he come from, and what is he, anyhow? I want to know!"



"Very well," said the Big Spirit. "That's something else for you to find out. For it's another thing that won't be told you."

Toono swallowed hard. It was very dreadful for a small boy who had had merely to say, "I want to know" all his life to be told anything he wished to hear, to find folks who would not answer.

But he thought that the best way to give up would be to change the subject.

So he said, "I didn't get rid of my queer clothes after all, did I?"

"No," said his own Spirit, "but you will this time, I think."

"All right—I'm ready—pick me up and throw me into the next adventure," cried Toono.

But the Spirits shook their heads. "You'll have to walk into the next yourself," they said together. And, as they said it, they vanished—vanished completely! Not a trace of either of them was to be seen!

Toono, the puppy barking and snapping at his heels, rushed to the door to see if they were outside—but no, they were quite gone and, strange to say, so was the circus.

There was absolutely nothing left of the circus but its smell. Toono could have told you that still stayed to show the circus had been really there.

He stared for a minute, and then looked down at the puppy.

"Everything seems to go vanishing around but you and me," he said gayly. "We won't though, will we? And the very first thing to look for will be breakfast, won't it?"

"Yap yap—bow wow wow," said the puppy.

"I don't see why you don't talk more, when you can," said the



little Prince. "But come along—which way?" And he stood staring up and down the road.

Then, for some reason which he couldn't tell, he turned away from the city, and took the road out into the country.

"Oh, what a lovely day," sang little Prince Toono of Helwor as he stepped bravely out into the great new world in search of his fortune.



## THE SECOND ADVENTURE AMONG THE VERY LITTLE HOUSES

**A**FTER all the second adventure began just about as suddenly as if the Big Spirit had dropped Toono right into it.

For he had not gone very far before the road led him out into the broad and open country, and hungry though they were the boy and the puppy decided they would have a race.

At it they went, and the boy was so very determined that he would win that he went rushing around a curve of the road, fists clenched, head down, when suddenly he ran right into something or somebody, and the next second a very much astonished little Prince found himself sitting in the middle of a dusty road, staring straight into a pair of frightened brown eyes, while around and around pranced a barking dog and a crying baby boy.

The dog was evidently trying to kiss every one, but the baby was not friendly at all. He was shaking both fists at Toono and yelling, "Why did you hit mine sister—why did you, why?"

"I don't know—I didn't mean to do it. I'm very sorry," said Toono, picking himself out of the dust and helping up the little girl.

All of a sudden the boy stopped yelling. "Ruth," he cried, "it's our circus boy—the one I pinched. I told you he was real!"



"Why, so it is," said the little girl. Then she laughed, and showed the very prettiest dimple you could imagine, tucked away into the round smooth curve of one pink cheek.

"I guess we're square," said the little girl.

Toono looked at her, then down at himself, and then at the little boy, who was a very chunky baby.

"He looks rather square, but I don't think you or I do," he said soberly.

The little girl stared a minute and then laughed again.

"Don't you know slang?" she asked. And Toono got red.

"Not much—is that some?" he said very humbly.

"Yes. I meant that we were even—oh, dear me—that now you had been pinched by Honey Bunch and had upset me, so that things were even—there I go again—"

"Oh, I know what getting even means," said Toono. "We are, aren't we? I hope I didn't hurt you any more than your brother hurt me."

"Not one bit," said the little girl. "Only—oh, where is our lunch? I must have dropped it—why, dear me, what a lovely clever dog—and so good. He hasn't even mussed it. You darling, you."

And Ruth put her arms right around the neck of a big beautiful New Foundland dog, with the kindest, wisest face in the world, as he stood beside her with a bundle done up in a napkin held carefully in his mouth. How could he change himself so quickly?

"Is he your dog?" asked the little girl, and Toono, with one look at the doggy grin to be certain, said "Yes" very proudly, whereat Honey Bunch came right up and grabbed the big dog by both ears and tried to climb on his back.



"Oh, Honey Bunch—don't," cried Ruth. But the big dog actually seemed to help him up, and soon there he sat, as proud as ever a baby boy could be.

"Where are you going?" asked the little girl.

"Oh—nowhere in particular," answered Toono. "Or rather, anywhere that we can find breakfast."

"Haven't you had breakfast yet?" cried the little girl. "Oh, my—I'm glad now Mother packed such an enormous lunch. Just sit right down here and eat something this minute."

Honey Bunch glared at the goodies as his sister took them out. But there really was a great deal in the bundle, and both dog and boy had a good breakfast, and left plenty for luncheon too. Then they wandered back into the woods, such beautiful woods as poor Toono had never seen or dreamed of, and then somehow Dunno took Honey Bunch, the baby, away to play, and Prince Toono and the little girl were left alone. Toono knew by this time that her name was Ruth Mason, and that she was the friendliest, nicest, brightest little girl he had ever known. A little girl who did not think it the fine right thing to turn up her nose at things, and make fun of people who were not just exactly like herself. A pretty girl who wasn't vain, who wasn't selfish, and who liked to help people, and didn't always want her own way. She was such a change from the Princess Snobina that Toono could hardly believe she was true!

They played together, sailing bits of twigs for boats and making whole towns of mud, till they were tired, when they sat down under the trees, and Ruth, turning her big soft brown eyes full on her new friend, said, "Now tell me all about it. Why you're going about with nobody but a dog, and why the



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circus left you behind, and why you wear such queer clothes every day, and—oh, tell me just everything.”

Toono looked down and down into those honest, loving, brown eyes, and knew that here was a friend who'd be worth having.

He knew maybe he ought not to do it, but he just felt he must! He took a deep breath, and began to talk, and then and there he told her everything, while her eyes grew big with wonder, her cheeks pink with excitement.

“I suppose I've been silly to tell you, and I'm sure the Spirits will be angry and most likely you won't believe it all,” ended the little Prince. “But I just couldn't *not* tell you—that was all. I had to do it.”

“But I do believe it—every word,” cried Ruth. “And it's wonderful—and I won't tell. I don't believe the Spirits will mind. You need a friend in this country who knows and understands and can help you. I know I can help you somehow. And when you go back with all your kingdom won, can I go too, and see you marry the Princess Snobina?”

Toono began to say, “Yes.” And then suddenly he changed his mind. “You can come with me,” he said very grandly, “but I think that I'd better never get married at all. I think I'd better just work always for my country. I don't think Snobina would be a help.”

“Oh,” said Ruth. Then suddenly she jumped up. “Well, there's no time to be lost by a boy who has such a lot to do. I know the first thing now. Clothes. You come along with me. That's something I can do for you. Is— isn't the dog a fairy or something?”

“I'm not sure,” said Toono. “He just keeps changing all the



time into new dogs—different kinds. When he's with me alone he's only a puppy. I just call him Dunno because I don't know anything about him."

"Oh—I see—isn't it wonderful?" cried the excited Ruth. "Well, we'll call them. Come along."

When the little boy and the dog came up, Toono looked rather anxiously at his companion's face, and was quite certain the dog shook his head at him. But he didn't seem cross, and the four had a delightful time as they went along the road together. At last Toono saw, at the top of a little hill, a tiny white church. And around the church were some houses, and a red brick building where Ruth said she went to school; and then they passed a wonderful house whose front was all windows, with things in them, and Ruth said it was a store. In Helwor no one had any money left to spend, so there had not been any stores for a long time. And then Toono saw at the end of the little line of houses the smallest one—a red brick house, tucked away behind big trees. A homey house, with a comfortable porch, and lots of sunny windows, and flowers, and a big fat red barn behind it.

"I like that house best," said Toono. And Ruth laughed happily.

"I'm glad," she said. "That's home," and as she swung open the white gate she gave a queer little cry, "Oo oo—oo—oo—ooo—oo," and all of a sudden a big boy came around from the side yard, two little boys popped their heads out of a seat way up in a tree, a big girl waved an apron out of an upstairs window, two little girls came running to meet them, and a pretty woman with a baby in her arms came out into the porch.

"It's nearly dinner time," said Ruth. "I knew they'd all



be here. They're my family—aren't they nice? Oh, there's Father; what luck he's home too. Come on."

Toono was bashful and frightened, and tried to hang back. But Ruth and Honey Bunch had hold of his hands and were pulling him right on, Ruth crying, "Oh, Mother—Father—folks—I've got a new brother. We haven't any boy going on eleven so he'll just fit in nicely, and wear out Bobbie's old clothes. You know how sorry you've always been there were three girls between him and Honey Bunch, so there was no one to use the clothes?"

Every one except Ruth and Toono began to laugh, and then as they reached the porch the other children all crowded round to look at Toono and hear the story, which Ruth herself told—just the last part. Good little Ruth! She never mentioned Helwor, or the Spirit! She told the story well, too, so that when she was through her father nodded and smiled and patted Toono on the shoulder and said,

"Well, Mother Mason, I suppose most people will say we're silly, but every one knows how we love children, and you know how Bobbie's clothes are crying to be worn out. He seems a well-mannered boy. Let's keep him for a while, at least."

And Mother Mason said, "Yes—let's. Bobbie, take him right in and get off those velvet things and give him your old corduroys and the blue striped blouse and a pair of decent ordinary shoes, and then bring him down to dinner. Come, girls. Don't let the potatoes burn."

And everybody ran towards the kitchen, while Toono followed Bobbie and Dunno the dog walked up to Father Mason and, sitting very straight before him, put up his two big front paws and begged.



Father Mason looked at him a minute and then leaned over and patted his head.

"Well, I should say so," he said. "You're as welcome as the boy. Stay just as long as you like, sir."

"Bow—wow wow wow," said the dog, and wagged his tail hard, and then went to pull Honey Bunch out of a mud puddle by the seat of his small blue rompers. Dunno evidently expected to make himself useful.

So that was the beginning of a week of hard times and happy times for Toono.

The Masons, one and all, he loved, except maybe Bobbie, who did tease a lot, and old Aunt Miranda, who lived over the way but spent most of her time at her nephew's house and said Toono was "trifling" and would "come to no good end" simply because he did not know how to work.

For that was the hard part.

The Big Spirit had told Toono that work was nothing but helping and that had sounded easy. But it wasn't!

Toono had to do things he had always called "labor" in his country. And there labor was done by servants and it wasn't only the Princess Snobina who turned up her nose at it. Toono himself had always turned up his nose! And yet here he was—washing dishes to help Ruth, and weeding onions to help Bobbie, and tending baby to help Mother Mason, and killing potato bugs to help Father.

And the strange part was that he alone seemed to think all this odd, or to mind very much! Everybody worked! To be sure, Bobbie "kicked" when the weeding interfered with a delightful game named baseball, which Toono himself was learning. But he didn't seem to think it was strange



he had to work. Ruth explained to Toono in between times, and it helped him some. But one day at the end of a week his back ached horribly and he suddenly burst out, "I hate work. I don't ever want to help anybody any more."

He was a little frightened when he said it. And well he might be. For no sooner were the words out than twitch—off came three buttons from the front of the blouse he was wearing, and went flying through the air.

"Here!" cried Toono, clutching his blouse together, "I need those buttons."

"Not so much as I do," said a both sad and angry voice from out of the air. "I've been growing so much lately, and I threw away all the buttons and tapes I burst off, and now that remark has set me shrinking again. I need thread to sew them on. Go get it."

And Toono had to go and explain everything to Ruth, though he hated dreadfully to do it. For a minute she looked exactly like the Big Spirit somehow.

"Poor Little Spirit," she said softly. And Toono was so ashamed he wished he could just shrink himself.

It was the first time he'd gone backward. Before, the idea of losing buttons had always been pleasant, because it was the Spirit who lost them.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that it means I've got to go on. I've got to do something hard to make her burst off those very buttons she's taken away. Not till I have them again will I feel happy."

"You could win them back by staying here," said Ruth. "There are plenty of hard things to do everywhere." Then



she looked at him again, and her big brown eyes grew very sweet and very solemn and wise all of a sudden.

"Toono," she said, "I think I know."

"Know what?" asked the little Prince.

"The lost letters. What the name of your country was meant to mean," said Ruth.

"Tell me—tell me quick," he cried. But she shook her head.

"It wouldn't help you much if you didn't find it out yourself," she answered.

Toono's face set stubbornly. "I'll stay right here till you do tell," he said. "I'd just as soon. I'm happy."

"You mustn't," said Ruth. "I've changed my mind. I think you'll have to go on to learn. You must go through all your seven adventures."

"I won't," said Toono. And then suddenly he gave a cry of terror. For the very last button on his blouse was yanked off, both he and Ruth plainly heard a voice wail mournfully, "More thread, more thread, more thread," and Dunno the dog howled and came running towards them, looking terribly worried.

Ruth said, "Poor Little Spirit," again, and Toono felt frightened. Then he suddenly squared his shoulders.

"I'm going on," he said. "I'll try again. I will be brave and I will go on helping. I'll go this very minute. Ruth, I won't forget you—go on thinking about me—maybe it will help. Good-by." He turned and ran hastily down the path, just as he was, Ruth calling good-by after him, Dunno the dog racing at his heels.

He ran and ran, blindly, anywhere, till on looking back he saw the pretty home he had learned to love was out of sight.



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His lips quivered. Then he threw up his head. "I will not cry—and I will work hard to win," said the little Prince.

And then he gave a whoop of joy. For three shining things came flying through the air and lit right on the front of his blouse. He put up his hand. Three of the lost buttons were already won!

Toono buttoned them thankfully, and turned to the dog. He was an awkward puppy again!

"Well," said Toono, "the second adventure is over. Let's hurry up and get into the next one."

"Wow," barked the puppy. "Bow wow wow."



## CHAPTER V

### WINNING BACK SOME BUTTONS

**I** CAN'T help feeling sorry for him," said the voice of the Big Spirit softly.

"Well, then I can help it," said the voice of the Little Spirit with a snap Toono had come to dread a little. "I rather think you'd be less sorry yourself if you were in my place. The idea—to have outgrown four buttons, lost them, and then been obliged to shrink back again all of a sudden like that! I think I've a right to be angry."

"But he won his buttons back," said the Big Spirit.

"All but one—he did. I'll give him some credit. Oh, he isn't so bad after all, I admit that," and Toono was certain that he felt tiny fingers touch his hair lovingly, and soft little lips laid against his cheek.

But he did not stir, for he was pretty certain that the dog was going to speak. And that happened so seldom, Toono wanted to hear all that he had to say. Sure enough, the puppy, sitting up with his bushy tail curled neatly over his toes, said, "You really ought to give him back the fourth button too. I'm sure you'll find it's too tight, if you look at the place it buttons."

Toono could feel the Little Spirit scrabbling her clothes about as she looked, and then suddenly she cried, "You're



right—it would have flown off of itself in another quarter minute. See—I'll put it on before he wakes. Funny I didn't notice."

And Toono felt the soft, tender, little fingers fumbling at the front of his blouse.

"That's better," said the dog. "Really I was rather proud of him last night. He left the Masons' before supper time, you know, so we didn't have any. And then we got to that big stretch of woods, and the farther in we walked the darker it got. And how could that boy know that the eyes we saw glaring at us out of a tree were the eyes of a 'coon, more scared than he was? And how could he tell that the thing that crept up at his heels was Farmer Jones's big cat, Silas, out on an evening stroll? I tell you that boy thought he was among real wild beasts, the kind of beasts he'd read about and seen in the circus, and he was scared, but he acted like a man."

"Good—oh, good," cried the Little Spirit, clapping her hands. "I—I really think I hear a bit of tape ripping. And, oh, do see how red our little Prince is! I believe he's awake and heard everything you said."

"I did," said Toono. "I'm glad if I didn't act as frightened as I felt."

The puppy, just a puppy once more, not serious or wise at all, barked gayly and chased a grasshopper, and the Big Spirit said briskly, "Well, now that you are awake, let's not lose any time. Another adventure is over. Tell me, what did it teach you?"

Toono clasped his arms about his knees.

"I know," he said. "Two more things that Helwor needs. More children—and more love."



The Little Spirit quite beamed at him and the Big Spirit nodded. "Right—laughter, love, and little children. No kingdom can possibly prosper without plenty of those three things. There are two adventures over and three things learned. Anything else?"

"Why, no," said the little Prince. "I can't think of anything else. Except that it might be handier if we didn't always wear such fussy clothes. The things they use here are a great deal less bother."

Then suddenly he added, "Oh, yes—and they've always taught me it was so fine to think the Princess Snobina was born turning up her nose at everything. But I have found little girls can be nicer and prettier and sweeter if their noses don't turn up at anything ever."

The Spirits laughed a little, and the puppy gave a loud bark and began to chase his own tail in the most ridiculous fashion, never stopping till he had caught it and bitten it hard enough to make himself howl.

"That ought to help you, and through you the country," said the Big Spirit. "By the way, are you ready for breakfast?"

"I should say so," cried the little Prince.

"Ready to work for it?"

Toono's face fell. "That's the only bad thing about little houses," he said. "Work. You told me it was only helping, but helping's hard sometimes. Do all the people in this country work, Spirit?"

"Mercy, no—no such luck as that," said the Big Spirit rather bitterly. "So you thought you had a hard time among the little houses, did you?"



"Well—yes. Rather," admitted Toono. "Though they were nice, too."

"Humph," said the Big Spirit. "I'll give you something else this time."

But somehow Toono thought that her tone was not nearly as friendly as her words.

"So you think you worked very hard at the Masons', do you?" asked the Little Spirit.

"Yes," said Toono, wonderingly. "Didn't I?"

"You'll know more presently," said the Big Spirit.

And for no reason that Toono could see, the puppy suddenly sat down, threw up his throat and howled as only a very mournful dog can howl.

The next thing Toono knew, he had been picked up in a pair of strong arms. He felt dizzy at first and frightened. He put out his hand, grasped the puppy's paw, felt that they were falling, falling, falling, and then—



## THE THIRD ADVENTURE

### SOME REAL WORK

**A**ND then—Toono sat up in bed, blinking with both astonishment and sleepiness. Surely—surely he couldn't have been dreaming! He certainly had been talking with the two Spirits, just the minute before, out in the open air, under a big hemlock tree.

And yet here he was, undressed, wearing a strange nightgown, in the middle of a strange bed, that stood in an absolutely strange room!

Strangest of all—there were lots of other beds just like his, on each side of him, and across the way, and in each bed was a sleepy, perfectly strange, little boy! And his puppy was nowhere to be seen.

“Wherever am I?” cried Toono.

The boy just beside him, to the right, woke, sat up in bed too, and stared at him. He was a red-haired boy with freckles sprinkled all over him, like dashes of red pepper, and his eyes, though jolly, had a funny squint to them, which made Toono feel a little odd. For he couldn't be at all certain whether the boy was really looking at him or not!

But he evidently was, for suddenly he said, “You're a new boy. What's your name?”

“T—To—Tony Helwor,” stammered Toono, who had not yet got used to giving the new name.



"Say," cried the red-headed boy, "do you stammer? That's fine! We'll be friends—they tease me like smoke because of my eyes and my hair and my freckles, and it'll be stacks of company to have another fellow who'll be teased, so we can chum around together, and lick the others! You're all right. My name's Percy Jones."

"P-Percy?" stammered Toono again, startled this time because the name was so like one of his own.

The red-headed boy's fists doubled and a gleam came into his crossed eyes. "Yes—and don't you go teasing about that, either. I know it's a wishy-washy, girly name, but I can't help it, and few folks call me that, so it doesn't matter. The fellows call me Red. You'd better too, if you want to be friends."

"All right," said Toono. But before there was a chance for another word a great bell clanged. Instantly every head jerked off every pillow, every blanket swished back, and a dozen pairs of boyish feet struck the bare floor with a slap.

"Mercy," said Toono, who wasn't used to seeing small boys get up like that, and who hadn't budged himself.

"Get out," warned Red. "Hurry—just time after that bell to get dressed. If you're late for breakfast you don't have any. And don't talk out loud or let them see you whispering. It's against rules."

Toono was dying to ask why, but there was no time. He was dressing as fast as he could. And presently he was twitched into line behind Reddy Jones, and was marching out through the long bare room into a longer, barer hall, down two flights of stairs to a basement room, and up to a seat at a long, long table. A big woman stood at the head of the table. A tall stout



woman, whose face and figure looked so stiff and tight somehow that Toono wondered if she would crack when she moved or spoke.

She looked at him, nodded—and nothing happened. He felt disappointed. It would have been fun to see her crack.

The boys all sat down together and breakfast was brought on. It was a good breakfast and there was plenty of it, too.

Then the boys all rose together, and began to march out. But the big, stiff woman reached over and drew Toono from the line and took him with her to a little room with the word "Office" printed on the door in green letters.

"My dear," she said, and Toono had a notion then and there after that she only said "dear" from habit, and not because she meant it. "I hope you will be very happy among us. You will be if you are good."

"I always try to be good," answered Toono. "But, please, where am I and how did I get here?"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "You were brought here last night, by two ladies, a large, handsome one and a little wrinkled one, who said they had charge of you." Toono wondered how the Spirits would look dressed as ordinary people.

Then he heard the woman saying, "I suppose you know that you are an orphan?"

Toono thought a minute. It had never struck him just that way before, but as his father and mother were both dead he must be, of course, though never in all his life had he felt as lonely as that word "orphan" sounded.

"Why—yes," he said.

"Well, this is an Orphan Asylum for boys, where you will be



taken care of and taught. You must remember the rules, and never fight with the other boys, or be saucy to me or the teachers, and you must do your work."

"Always work," thought Toono. "Well, I won't say anything this time. I don't dare."

But he thought a lot just the same when he saw the work. It was scrubbing! The boys took turns keeping the big place clean, and washing the dishes, and mowing the lawns, and weeding the gardens, and they had to do the work very well, and a good deal of it, too. There was just one pleasure. As his name began with a letter near J, in the alphabet, he and Reddy Jones were put in the same group, and became better friends every minute, though Reddy took it very hard when he found Toono did not really stammer.

But that first morning the idea of a King of Helwor slopping around with yellow soap and a brush made Toono rather sick when he thought about it, and he felt lonely and longed for his dog.

But where was he? Not a sign nor sound of him could Toono find.

"Do—do they allow a fellow to keep a dog?" he asked Red when they were out in the yard for the half hour of play they had before school began.

"I guess not," said Red decidedly. "Have one? What kind was he?"

What kind, indeed—that astonishing dog, who was all kinds to order—a different kind to suit each place they went to! The little Prince stammered again right then, before he answered, "Oh, he was just a puppy."

Then they went into the schoolroom. But on the way to



dinner a most astonishing thing happened, which delighted every one.

A fat pug dog was seen sitting primly beside the Matron's door, and as Toono passed he rose, curled his tight tail tighter, yapped, and grinned a delightfully doggy grin.

Toono nearly fell over he was so surprised and pleased.

"Dunno," he whispered. But just then the Matron came out.

What would that astonishing dog do? Would he be sent away?

Not at all! He stood on his hind legs and bowed to the Matron, and all the boys gasped with joy.

Even her stiff face smiled a little.

"Boys," she said, "a very interesting dog wandered in this morning. He must be valuable, so until his owner claims him we have decided to let him stay. I have always heard it said that boys were better with a dog."

One dog to fifty boys was a pretty small allowance, but better than nothing, and Toono was happy, and Dunno gave a short bark, walked a few steps on his front paws, chased his tail in anything but a dignified pug fashion, and then sat down gravely and waited till his dinner was handed to him.

Toono had his lessons better that afternoon because he knew Dunno was near. He played better, too. The boys called him "Greenie" because of the many slang words he didn't know, but he learned them very quickly, and he learned well in school, too. And he needed to learn!

Among other things he found out how very little he knew! In Helwor he had been thought quite clever, and here he was well up to his age in reading and arithmetic and grammar and spelling.



But history and geography—why, he didn't know a thing!

"Wherever have you lived?" the teacher asked so often, that Toono very nearly told, to prove that he had a reason for being so behind in these things. For in his little country they had been so self-satisfied that no one had thought to learn anything about the great world outside.

But he didn't tell. It wouldn't have done, for they would not have believed him, as Ruth did. Dear little Ruth! How he longed to see her and talk to her—and to know what she knew. He glared at every letter he met, to see if any of them fitted into Helwor in such a way as to make it mean something high and fine, but no good came of it, and Dunno laughed at him.

"You won't find the letters till you've done more work," he said unexpectedly one day. And then when Toono tried to make him talk some more, he only played dead dog, pretending not to hear.

"When can I do more work? Isn't this adventure pretty nearly over?" demanded Toono. "It ought to be. I was with the circus one day, with the Masons a week, and I've been here over two now. When am I going on?"

"Bow wow wow wow wow," said Dunno at great length.

So Toono talked about leaving to Red, and Red had something to say. "For me it'll go on till I'm grown," he said. "No one goes around adopting red-headed, freckled-faced fellows with squints. I'm always being looked over up in the Matron's room, and then turned down. Wish they wouldn't send for me any more. But you're different. You're a pretty boy. Now, don't fight—it's what the Matron said. You'll be adopted soon and taken away."

And, sure enough, Toono did see very soon. For just the



next day a fat, puffy little man with wonderful clothes and no hair came and talked to the Matron, and then the Matron took him into the schoolroom to see the boys, who were all marched in line before him. But he passed them all till Toono came. He talked a little while to Toono and then he went away again, and Red said that for once he was glad he had red hair and a squint, for he didn't like that puffy little fat man a bit, and wouldn't want to be adopted by him.

But he liked him better when the Matron came back with candy and peanuts for every one, and a dime apiece, even for the littlest orphans, and said the fat man sent the things. Though, with his mouth full of chocolate creams, Red insisted it was not any use for him to be willing to go.

"No one will take me," he said; "but he will take you right away, and I'll lose another friend. I never had one yet who wasn't adopted away from me. But just you wait. When I grow up I'll make a lot of money and adopt them all back again—every one. You see."

"But they'll be men, too, won't they? Too old for any one to adopt?" asked Toono.

"Oh, my, I never thought of that. Isn't it just my luck?" said Red, and felt so gloomy that he actually fed all the rest of his candy to Dunno, who ate it and then licked Red's hands and smiled at him. They were very fond of each other.

"He's trying to cheer me up," said Red. "I know, old fellow—you're my friend, but you'll go, too. I'm blue to-day. Nothing can cure me—a gallon of ice cream and a quart of pickles wouldn't."

But poor Red was even glummer and sadder the next morning. For all that he said came true!



## CHAPTER VI

### WANTED—A REST

**I**T was in the middle of the night that the Spirits next came to Toono. The night after the fat, bald, puffy man had treated all the boys in the orphanage to candy and peanuts. Dunno woke his friend by tweaking his big toe, and the little Prince sat up, to see the two Spirits sitting beside him.

“Is this better than your visit among the very little houses?” asked the Big Spirit, with a twinkle in her handsome eyes.

“Well, I should say not!” exclaimed Toono. “It’s worse—lots worse.”

“Hum—you’ve learned more slang, at any rate,” said the Little Spirit. “However, a little slang never hurt any country—but don’t get too much. Now, then, suppose you tell us what else you have learned here—anything useful?”

“Lots,” said Toono; “though nothing about what’s wrong with Helwor, I’m afraid. I can’t imagine any country needing anything they have here except cleanliness, and Helwor has always been clean. But, O Spirit, the school has taught me how much I don’t know.”

“Well, that ought to help your country, and you, too,” said the Big Spirit, smiling. “There aren’t many boys who know how little they know.”

Toono looked at the Big Spirit doubtfully. He was almost



certain that she was laughing at him. But the Little Spirit put out her small soft hand and stroked his cheeks and said, "Yes? What have you learned in the school books?"

"How mighty big the world is," cried Toono excitedly. "Why, in Helwor they've always said that only our country and Cadston counted. That the rest of the world wasn't worth thinking of—much less learning about. And here I find country after country that's been doing things, while we've been asleep. Countries, I suppose, where my lands have gone, and my forests and towns and little houses and my people. For they haven't all gone to one place, have they, Spirits? My lost lands and people, when they fell away, didn't go together and make a new kingdom of their own?"

"No," said the Little Spirit. "I was afraid they would. You don't know how I've worried up there behind the big old map in the throne room of Helwor, for fear that they would do that very thing. There would have been no hope then, my little Prince. But they never did. The old roads would like to run through Helwor still, if they could, and the old forests would like to belong to Helwor's king, and the people remember their country. Everything will be ready when you are, my Prince."

"Goodie!" cried Toono. "And, now, haven't I learned enough here? You don't know how I want to rest. I'm just achey tired all over me. I'll never think Bobbie had to work again. His kind of work was just helping, as you said."

"Then," asked the Big Spirit eagerly, "would you be willing to go back and do that sort of thing again?"

Even Dunno kept still to listen for Toono's answer. Somehow Toono hardly liked to make it. But he did.



"N-o-o," he said slowly. "Of course, if I had to, why, I suppose I would. But haven't I had enough of this sort of adventures—work adventures? Can't I have a rest, Spirits?"

The Big Spirit nodded, and the Little one, though she still held Toono's hand, looked rather grave.

But Dunno frisked up on the bed and cocked his head at them saucily.

"Mercy me," he said, "such a fuss. Of course he wants a rest. So do I. This being one dog among fifty boys is pretty hard work. There will be nothing left of me at all pretty soon, if I don't have a rest myself. And just remember this—there are lots of things one can learn by resting, that don't seem to come to folks who just work. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Give this boy a chance. And remember—he's had a bad bringing up—don't expect too much at once. I think he's doing very well indeed, if you ask me."

Toono hardly knew whether to be angry with his dog friend for saying he had been poorly brought up, or to thank him for saying he was doing very well. So he did neither.

Instead he asked, "Spirit, do all the people in your country work?"

"No such luck," said the Big Spirit shortly. "Wish they did."

"Well then," said the Little Prince, "seems to me it would be easy for you to give me a rest by making my next adventure among the kind of people who don't. Couldn't you?"

"Yes," said the Big Spirit, "of course I could. And of course I will. I promise you that you won't have a thing to do but play in the next adventure. Will that suit you?"

"Beautifully," said Toono. "Oh, dear, I do wish I could



take Red along with me. He's so sick of it here too. Can't I?"

But the Spirits shook their heads.

"Some day," said the Little Spirit, "some day, if you succeed, you can come back and get Red, but now you must go on alone—except for Dunno."

And as she said it, she and the Big Spirit and even Dunno himself grew very misty and queer and slowly, slowly vanished, leaving the little Prince to go back to sleep again.



## FOURTH ADVENTURE

### THE HOUSE LIKE HOME

**R**ED was sad, because that very next morning the fat puffy man came back, and talked to the Matron some more, and had a doctor look Toono all over, and then took him away.

Red knew what was going to happen when Toono was called from the schoolroom, and nearly disgraced himself forever by letting the other boys see the tears that came into his squinty blue eyes. He knew how dreadfully he was going to miss both Toono and the dog. For he knew Dunno belonged to his new friend and would go when he did.

And, sure enough, Toono only came back to say good-by to every one. But he whispered in Red's ear, "I'm the fellow that'll do the adopting next. I'm coming back for you. Don't forget. Watch for me." And poor Red almost looked happy for a minute.

Then Toono was led down to a big beautiful gray automobile which stood waiting at the door. Toono had never been in one before and he rather wished the puffy-faced man had waited. He was almost afraid to get in alone and looked about for Dunno. But even he wasn't in sight.

The boys were watching from the windows though, so Toono tossed his head, stepped inside, the driver twirled a wheel and



tooted a horn, the big thing moved, Toono waved and yelled "Good-by," and they were off.

They were off—and Toono liked it! He wasn't afraid at all. The rush of the air past his ears was glorious, the way the country flew past wonderful. He forgot everything for a minute, and never once thought of the Spirit, or that he was being at all brave, when suddenly there was a pattering shower of small hard things on the leather cushions, and he looked to see buttons and hooks falling all about him.

"My—that's fine," cried the little Prince and puffed himself out mightily, when suddenly he heard a funny sliding sound on the big leather hood which lay folded back behind him. Something, or some person, was tumbling over it. The next second a perfectly invisible body hit the seat beside him with a whack, bounced off, and landed on the floor at his feet. And the next thing, the Little Spirit suddenly appeared down there. Such a funny little Spirit! For her big nose was blown way over to one side of her face, her hair seemed to be twisted back side before, her clothes were all in a tangle, and her big mouth was round and her eyes frightened as she gasped for breath.

"Nev—nev—never," cried the Little Spirit, "take one of these dreadful things to Helwor. And don't get too conceited. Some of those buttons and things may be yours by right, for you are wonderfully brave about it, but most of them just blew off. Oh, my, what a sewing party I'll have all to myself. Pick up a lot of them for me. I can't." Then suddenly she began to laugh and laughed so hard Toono was almost afraid she would choke.

"What is it, Spirit?" he begged. "What's so funny?"

"That dog," said the Spirit when she could speak. "That



ridiculous changeable dog. He is so delightfully behind the times. He can't laugh at me, even if I am scared. I'm here, anyhow. Do you know what he did? Changed into a coach dog, so he could follow you in style—and got left at the gate post. My dear, you should have seen his face! It was worth my fright, I assure you." And the Little Spirit laughed again, and Toono joined her, though the thought of dear, faithful Dunno getting so dreadfully left did make him feel sorry too.

But he had no time to talk much about it. Already the motor car was turning in at a gateway almost as big and as handsome as the Great Gates of Helwor.

Presently they came to the house, and very big and very grand it was, and the door was opened by a big wonderful manservant, dressed in clothes of the very same cut the servants in Helwor wore!

"Oh," cried Toono, "how very nice he looks. I know I'll be very happy here—it's so homelike."

The servant looked as if he would like to smile, but didn't dare, and a fussy-looking woman who somehow seemed tired and anxious, Toono thought, said, "Well, the child seems to have a very surprising idea of what is right and nice."

Then she turned Toono round, and talked about him just as if he couldn't hear, and finally decided he would do, though of course he was not handsome enough or bright enough or well-bred enough to play with her own wonderful son, whom Toono rather dreaded to meet because he must be such a marvelous boy, if only half the things his mother said about him were true.

But at last the fussy-looking woman stopped talking, and took Toono upstairs and into a big handsome bedroom which



she said would be his if he was good, and suited them so well they decided to keep him. And then she got out some very pretty clothes—a sailor suit. And as he put it on, she told Toono how very careful of it he must be, because clothes cost so much money, and people did talk so if other people weren't well dressed! Toono blinked, almost expecting to see his own grandmother's face before him—it sounded so very like the things she said!

Then the fussy-looking woman sighed heavily, again like the old Queen of Helwor, and took Toono by the hand and led him to another room, and said, "Now you and my boy must be friends. Treat him nicely or you can't stay in this lovely home, you know. He isn't strong, as you are, and he must do as he likes always. Remember."

That was a strange thing to say to Toono, who had always done as *he* liked! He wondered how it would be to have this boy boss him around, as—yes, as he remembered having bossed the gatekeeper's son at Helwor! Toono got rather red as he thought about that.

Then he began looking at the room he was in, and forgot all about the boy, there were in it so many very beautiful and interesting things. Pictures of the kind boys like to see and books of the kind boys like to read, and lots and lots of wonderful things that boys delight to play with. It was a perfect room!

But on the window seat, propped up with pillows, lay a boy who did not look at all happy!

"Why, hello," said Toono. "Are you sick?"

"No," said the boy in a very horrid sort of way, "I'm not. Don't bother me. I'm reading. Always keep still when I'm reading."



Toono stared at him. He was not handsome. He had a big wobbly sort of head, and watery, light eyes with glasses over them, and a thin body. Of course this could not be the wonderful son whom he had dreaded so to meet, and he began to say something like that, when the boy suddenly got red and sat up.

"I am Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts," he said. "And I'm a whole lot better than you are, and you're only here because the doctor said I needed a boy around, and you've got to do as I say, and play with me nicely or you can't stay here but must go back to the nasty common place you came from, because you are just a nasty common thing. So now."

All that to a King of Helwor! Prince Toono's face grew crimson, his fists clenched, his eyes filled with angry tears. In another second he would have fallen upon that boy and taught him in a very boyish way what he thought of such talk. But just as he was starting forward a warning whine came from beside him, and into the middle of the room walked a dog who moved as if he were very, very tired indeed, but who did not walk with the slim legs of a coach dog though Toono knew he had been one not long before. Instead, he was now a curled and perfumed darling, a toy dog, who looked as if he hadn't a bit of sense in his silly white head.

"Hello," said Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts. "Rather a good dog. Mother must have just got him for me. She knew I only wanted that sort. None of your noisy terriers or common looking bulldogs for me. Bring him over here to me."

The dog turned and looked full at Toono.

"Better do it," he said distinctly. "You won't have to work here, you know. They all think work is as common and as horrid as you ever thought it. But you'll have to do other



things. Come on now—remember Helwor. It's all for the sake of the lost country."

"Thank you," whispered Toono into the little white ear, as he picked up this new Dunno and carried him across to the boy in the window seat. And there was a sudden pop in the air above him and a hook flew out of somewhere and hit Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts on the nose and made him jump. But Toono laughed—behind the shield of the dog's curly head. There was a reward for his patience! That was the beginning of the oddest time Toono ever spent.

For all during it his feelings were so very mixed!

It was all so like his home it made him homesick—and yet it was all so horrid that it made him very cross!

Mr. Botts scolded about bills, very much like Lord Nobbie, and Mrs. Botts cried and sighed very much like his grandmother, and Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts turned up his nose at everything and everybody much as the Princess Snobina had done, and was as dull and as stupid and silly as ever was the little Duke of Bore! Toono was quite certain that if it hadn't been for his dog he would have not been able to stay a day.

But never had Dunno talked to him so much, or been so funny and so cheery and so helpful.

It was Dunno who kept the little Prince from saying really dreadful things when Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts refused to let him mention Reddy Jones, because Reddy was "too common to be even spoken of by nice people."

It was Dunno who stopped his master from fighting the day that Master Botts made fun of a ragged little girl they met when out walking.



But even Dunno could not stop the angry little Prince at the last.

For Toono got worse and worse as the days went on and by the time he had been in this beautiful, dreadful house for two weeks and saw no signs of being taken away by the Spirits, he began not to care much whether he was good or not! And it was on a day when he felt so angry he could hardly keep from fighting every one, that the end came.

Toono had gone out for a walk. He wanted to be all alone. And as he went along he thought about Ruth, and wondered if she would be able to tell him what good he could be getting out of this adventure, when all of a sudden he heard a happy little boyish shout, and there ahead of him was a square sturdy baby boy, and beside him—Ruth!

Toono was so glad to see her he danced up and down and yelled, and Honey Bunch danced and yelled too, and Ruth laughed and cried together. And then Toono found out that she lived very near him, and he might have seen her sooner if he'd thought to try.

But now he talked enough to make up for lost time, and Ruth helped him a lot, and then all at once Toono saw the big gray automobile coming, empty as he thought, of every one but Henry, the driver, who was rather a friend of his.

"Oh, how lovely to ride in a big car like that," said Ruth. "Neither Honey Bunch nor I have ever had a ride in one."

"Haven't you?" cried Toono. "Henry'll take you home, I know." And he ran out and waved his hand and the big car slid more slowly, till it stopped beside them and Toono told Henry all about it.

"Why, sure," said Henry, and Toono was just going to help



Honey Bunch and Ruth in, when from the back seat, down in the corner, came the voice of Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts:

"Henry—I am astonished. I'll report you to my mother as soon as we get home. One common child is quite enough to have around me. They can't any of them ride. Drive on." And he turned up his nose at Honey Bunch and Ruth.

Honey Bunch's lip quivered, big tears gathered in his round eyes, and he threw himself down in the dust, howling, while Ruth, very red and rather tearful herself, knelt beside him and began to kiss and comfort him.

Henry gave a growl that sounded very fierce and angry, and Dunno gave a leap that was really wonderful for a little toy dog and landed right beside Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts in the auto. But he wasn't quick enough.

The little King of Helwor had been standing on the step, ready to help Ruth in, and at sight of her face and Honey Bunch's tears he had jumped himself—jumped straight at Master Botts and punched him right in the face!

"Common," he cried. "You're common yourself, or you wouldn't think everybody else was common. You're just a horrid, mean, selfish, little snob—that's all you are."

And he would have given the astounded Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts a good many more punches if Henry had not leaned over and pulled him into the front seat.

"That's all right," Henry whispered. "He's all you say and deserves all you've given him. But think what it'll mean to you. Cool down." And the big car started forward on a rush for home, with two panting, angry, small boys, a worried dog, and a delighted driver inside it.



## CHAPTER VII

### A CASE OF RUNNING AWAY

“WELL, you certainly have done it.”

The voice of the Little Spirit came to Toono out of the darkness of his big beautiful bedroom, where he had been lying wide awake.

He had expected the Spirits for a long, long time, and was sorry now that he could not see them. But suddenly, though no one bothered to press the electric button in the wall, the whole room was filled with softly glowing light, and in it Toono saw them very plainly.

The Little one perched on the foot of his bed, while the Big one stood behind her, looking down at Toono, and Dunno, a mere puppy again, was worrying her trailing skirts.

“I suppose you know,” said the Big Spirit, “that you will be sent away in disgrace to-morrow?”

“No,” said Toono, “I won’t.”

“Wh—what?” stammered the Little Spirit. “You don’t ever mean that you, a King of Helwor, will ever go and beg that boy’s pardon? Ugh—I’m ashamed of you.”

Toono grew red, and the puppy nipped her toes and made her jump and squeal.

“No,” said Toono, “I don’t mean that at all. I mean that I am not going to give them any chance to send me away in





The Little one perched on the foot of his bed while the Big one stood behind her.







disgrace—because I am going away all myself this very night.”

“Hurray! Bow wow wow wow wow!” said Dunno, and chased his own tail till he fell over his feet and landed on his nose.

“Good,” said the Spirits, right together. And the Little one lost a safety pin and a tape that very minute.

“Yes,” said Toono, “I’m going to-night, in the oldest clothes I can find here. They burned the ones I came in. I’ve wanted to get away a long time anyhow.”

“What?” asked the Big Spirit. “When we sent you to a place where there is no work for you to do? Don’t you like it?”

Toono wriggled uncomfortably, and grew rather red.

“Nobody seems happy here,” he said. “Not so happy as they were at Ruth’s house where everybody worked. I don’t understand it.”

“Don’t you?” said the Big Spirit with an odd look at him. “I thought it seemed homelike to you.”

“Oh, no—why, yes—” Toono floundered around without knowing what to say. Then he exclaimed, “Why, it was like home, but it wasn’t homelike, and there is a difference, isn’t there? Maybe I wouldn’t like home any more. I—I’ve grown to look at a lot of things very differently. That’s right, Spirit—grow.”

And he nodded at his Spirit who put up her hand and smoothed out three wrinkles, as she smiled at him.

“I’m beginning to feel as if some day I might fit myself again,” she said gayly. “What did this adventure teach you, my little Prince?”

“Lots of things,” cried Toono excitedly. “That it isn’t right to turn up your nose at anybody, because they may be even bet-



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ter than you are if you only knew everything about them. That it just isn't safe to be mean. That—oh, lots of things. But what I want to know is—aren't there any other people in your country who don't work?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said the Big Spirit as she smiled down at him. "There are lots of others. Do you want to try them? Still a little frightened about work?"

"Well—I don't like it. I don't think I ever will like it," admitted Toono, "and I'd be very glad to try the other people. May I?"

"Go ahead—do the very thing you're thinking about," said Dunno the puppy, sitting still all at once and looking up at the Big Spirit with his wise doggy grin.

The Big Spirit laughed a little, frowned a little, looked at the Spirit of Helwor, who gave her a nod, and then said, "Very well. Your next adventure will be among other people who never work. And you'll walk into it yourself, if you do as you've planned and go away alone to-night. Good-by—and good luck to you!"

As suddenly as it had come, the glow in the room faded, and the Spirits vanished. Only Dunno jumped on the bed and wagged his way up and into the arms of the little Prince.

"Hurry up," he said, with a wet doggy kiss on the tip of his comrade's chin. "We haven't much time to lose."

He bounded to the floor, and very quietly Toono got up, lit one small side light, took from the closet the plainest suit there was—a suit of overhauls—some stubby play shoes, a cap, and a coat. Quietly, very quietly, the little Prince opened the door, crept along the wide hallway, and down the stairs.

Round to a little side entrance he crept. Slowly, slowly,



carefully, the chain fell down, the key was turned—and then a big hand caught him, and a big voice said, “Hey—you young thief.”

Toono’s heart went down with a rush and then bounced up again. “I’m not a thief,” he said, “I’m not taking away anything but what I’ve got to wear.”

A match flared up, and Toono saw the big butler.

“Humph,” said the butler. Then he grinned, just as the match went out. “Thought it was going to be homelike to you,” he said. “I knew you would stop thinking that. So you’re running away, are you? Don’t wonder at you. Here—take this for luck—and hurry. Go south, and if they ask about you and try to follow you I’ll say you went north—see? When you get to town ask for Joe Thompkin’s grocery and they’ll take you in. My brother he is. Good-by—you’re a fine boy, all right.”

The butler tucked a hard, round silver dollar into Toono’s hand and shoved him out. Toono nearly fell, for Dunno ran between his legs and upset him. But the next minute they were both scurrying safely out of the grounds of the big house that had seemed so delightful at first, well on the road to the fifth of Toono’s seven adventures.



## THE FIFTH ADVENTURE

### TRAMPING OUT

**T**HE boy and the dog went along quite happily together through the night.

If it had not been for Dunno, the little Prince might have been a bit frightened. But Dunno was so jolly as he ran ahead, yapping at the shadows, that Toono had very little chance to feel either frightened or lonely.

But tired and sleepy he couldn't help being when, after he had walked a long time, he saw the light growing in the East, and realized that he had not had one wink of sleep all night.

In this half light of the early morning the world seemed dim and shadowy and even more mysterious than it does at evening, and there was no place for him to rest.

"I've read about boys who slept in hay stacks and under hedges," said the little Prince to Dunno, "but what is a fellow to do when there's nothing around but bare fields and barbed wire?"

"Go on, I guess," said Dunno wisely. And Toono laughed a little and trudged along until he came to a large grove of trees, with a roof showing among them.

It was a grove of sugar maples, though that Toono did not know, and he was very much disappointed when he came to the sugar house and found it was nothing but a shed. How-



ever—when he touched the door, it flew open. And the tired little Prince stumbling inside just as the sun came up, curled himself on the floor with Dunno for a pillow, and went very sound asleep.

The sun came along after a while and looked in at the tiny windows. But he never woke. And the sun went on over and looked in at the other side of the sugar house, glaring so hard that Dunno barked at him. Then suddenly Toono woke up.

For he had heard voices!

“Say, ain’t this a cinch? Door open, fine chance for a fire and a night inside—regular Waldorf-Astoria, my boy,” said somebody. And somebody else growled out—“Yes—and what good’s a fire with nothing to cook over it. I’m hungry. If we only had a dollar.”

Toono rolled over and looked at the door. Two men stood there. One a little cheery, bleary, wrinkled-up old fellow, with the most disreputable hat and shoes Toono had ever seen, and a very decent coat, the other a young man, rather good looking, not at all dirty, but seeming sulky and sad.

It was he who first saw the boy and the dog in the corner and he scowled at them as he said, “Your hotel is already occupied, Colonel.”

The little old man peered in and his grin grew bigger than ever.

“Shure you’re wrong,” he said. “That’s only the clerk of the hotel, and his assistant,” he answered as Dunno stuck out his head and growled.

And Toono, half frightened and all bewildered as he was, still remembered to be curious as to what kind of dog he



owned this time. But he needn't have looked for the little man went on, "And a fine assistant he is too. Like one I had meself once and have never got over missing. Them dogs that's mostly plain pup, with just an extra dash of bulldog in 'em for luck, is the best ever. Here then, Sport—Rover—Fido, come along and make friends, will you?"

To Toono's surprise Dunno walked over, sniffed the little man carefully, and then rose and offered a paw in friendship, which so tickled the little man that he sat down in order to laugh properly, and to scratch Dunno's back for him.

But the young man did not laugh. He said, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"I—I'm running away," said Toono.

"Run back," said the young man gruffly.

"Oh, I can't," cried Toono. "If you'd ever been in an orphanage—"

"I have," said the young man, still more gruffly. "Don't run back. Have you anything to eat?"

"No," said Toono, "but I've got a dollar."

"Give it here," said the young man. And when Toono handed it over he looked at it hard a minute, then said, "Wait. Colonel, light the fire," and hurried off, leaving the little old man chuckling over their luck.

He soon set Toono to work scraping dry leaves up into a bed and gathering sticks, and he kept up a string of jokes and stories so that Toono had no chance to ask after his dollar. But he knew what had become of it when the young man came back, for he brought a lot of small bundles, which, on being opened, turned out to be sugar and coffee and condensed milk and a tin pail, bread, butter, sausages, cheese, and a small pie.



"And I dug these out of the garden as I came by," added the young man, taking some potatoes from his pocket and throwing them down, right into the lap of the Colonel.

"Oh, have you got a garden near here?" asked Toono innocently. And wondered why even the young man laughed at him when he said, "No."

The potatoes made Toono think a bit, but he was sent to a spring near by for water, and the first pail full being used to wash the potatoes, he had to go again for water for coffee. And when he got back the potatoes were roasting in the ashes, the little old man was whittling sticks on which to toast the sausage, the young man was slicing bread and cheese, and it all looked very homey and delightful, and very pretty, too, with the firelight dancing everywhere.

"Why, it's—it's just like camping out," cried Toono, who had read stories about camping parties while living with Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts, and found them delightful.

The young man laughed rather disagreeably, but the old one said,

"Shure an' so it is. A grand free life an' the only one for a gentleman born." And then he laughed and winked at Toono.

They had a very good supper indeed, and Toono, who had always lived in a very formal way, discovered that it was rather fun to eat things off paper bags, with nothing but your fingers for forks.

He ate a great deal and was very happy, till the young man made a fuss because he was feeding sausages to Dunno.

"You let the dog get his own stuff—don't go giving him mine," said the young man disagreeably.

"Yours?" cried Toono, angrily. "I'd like to know whose



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dollar you spent. It's all mine and I can give it away as I choose. I wish Dunno had all your share. He's saying thank you, anyhow, and you never did."

The little old man doubled up with laughter and the young one looked angry. But Toono walked right up to him.

"If there's any of that dollar left I want it," he said.

"Well! Of all the nerve," said the young man. And then somehow he laughed a little too, and pulled out twenty-five cents and handed it to Toono. "Much obliged," he said, and the little old man said, "So am I, I'm sure—your kindness is only exceeded by your extreme good looks." And then somehow they all three laughed together and began to be quite friendly. So friendly that, after they had washed dishes in the most sensible way Toono had yet seen—by burning them up, all but the tin pail, of course, they sat around the fire and Toono began to ask questions. For that this was his fifth adventure the little Prince hadn't a doubt, and he felt that he must be learning things from it.

He learned so much that his eyes popped wider and wider open with every word, and when at last the two men went to sleep, he, what with having slept all day and having his brain tucked full of so many new and interesting things, lay awake.

For he had learned that his new friends were called tramps or hoboes or knights of the road.

The little old man had been "tramping it" for forty years, and never stopped at all except now and then when he stayed North in the winter and the coldness outdoors drove him to a very unpleasant place with a still more unpleasant name—the Workhouse.

Toono decided that name was quite enough for him, and no



matter how cold he might get he would never try to find that place for any adventure whatever.

The little old man had said he had almost forgotten what he'd been named when he was a boy. But as he had once been a soldier, everybody called him Colonel nowadays, and he liked that well enough so he didn't care to remember any other.

The Colonel had talked a great deal about himself and the things that he had done, but the younger man had not had much to say. When Toono had asked why he did not talk too, the Colonel explained that he was not feeling well, because his coachman's wife's sister-in-law had come down with chicken pox the day before, and when Toono said he was sorry, and if the young man had such a thing as a coachman why didn't he ride instead of walk, the Colonel had laughed a great deal and the young man had told him to "shut up."

But the Colonel didn't shut up at all. He said the young man's name was Sam, but most of the friends he had called him Slick Sam. "Why?" Toono had asked, and wondered why the young man scowled so until the older one explained that it was because Sam had such a very great and peculiar wish to be clean, and "slicked up."

"It is funny," said Toono. "I don't like to wash ears and other corners myself. I don't believe I would if grown folks didn't always make me. And he's grown. Nobody can make him do it."

The two men had laughed again at that, and finally told him to keep still—they wanted to go to sleep.

The beds of leaves that the Colonel had fixed were pretty comfortable and he showed Toono how to fix his shoes for a



pillow, and roll up in his coat. When he woke up, the Colonel was building another fire and had another little pile of potatoes beside him.

"Out of Sam's garden," he said with a wink, and Toono wondered very much.

But he got where he understood before many days.

For he stayed with Sam and the Colonel. The Colonel said he couldn't bear to part with a dog so much like the one he used to have, and Sam said that as long as Toono was traveling without an automobile or a pass on the train, he might as well go along with them, and have a little looking after, anyhow.

So Toono went. He found out that Sam's garden was any garden that he happened to be near, and Toono didn't like that. He thought it wasn't right to dig other people's potatoes and turnips and beets and pick other people's apples and pears, and he said so.

Sam looked at him rather queerly, but the Colonel just explained it all in a very long speech which somehow Toono did not understand.

He did understand though that these men did nothing at all that they could help doing. They felt about work just as he did. In fact, one day when the three of them were very hungry, and they were in a town where gardens were not easy to get at, Toono was the only one who had a good dinner. A woman had called to him to come and help her pick apples and she'd pay him for his work. He went and she gave him a dime and a dinner for both himself and Dunno, but Sam and the Colonel had told him he had gone back on them, and was no true partner. And then they took his dime and left him. Toono did a good deal of thinking that night. Somehow this



life wasn't as nice as it had seemed just at first. He was tired of sleeping in barns and sheds, and of walking so much, and of never having regular meals.

The talk with that nice woman had pleased him. So, too, had the clean, orderly kitchen in which he had eaten, and the white plate and the shining knife and fork and spoon. Somehow it had seemed so good to eat with them again that he had offered to wash them, and hadn't minded doing it either.

Camping out—or tramping out, which the Colonel had told him was exactly the same thing—might grow rather horrid after a while, Prince Toono thought. Besides which, he began to feel that he couldn't quite trust the Colonel. He was sure that a great many things he said were not at all true. And Toono liked to trust people.

To-night they had promised Toono a new sort of adventure. They were going to show him how to "travel in style" and he waited for them more eagerly than he would if they had been tramping on in the same old way.

It was late when they came. They whistled to him, and then went out, towards the railroad, the Colonel holding Dunno in his arms so he could grab his nose if he started to bark, and they crept, so slowly and quietly, down to a long, long line of freight cars. Sam went ahead and tried one car door after another. Finally one slid back. Sam bundled in Toono, the Colonel, Dunno, then got in himself and slid the door carefully shut. It was very stuffy and smelly inside, and Toono started to say he'd rather be walking out in the air, but Sam told him to "Shut up and keep still," so he did, and dropped asleep, to be wakened presently by a jolt which seemed to jar every bone in his body loose from the other bones.



"Creak—jangle—jolt—bang." Toono was frightened and started to jump up, but Sam only whispered, "Train's starting—keep still, you little dunce," and he lay down again.

Never could Toono understand how those men could sleep. He couldn't. But sleep they did, and while they slept, Toono lay awake, thinking, planning.

He was quite certain that the Spirits would not want him to stay in this adventure any longer. He just knew that men like this, kind though they had been in many ways to both himself and Dunno, could never help him in his work. They would not know the best way to cure a sick country, and make it fine and strong again.

At last Toono's mind was made up, and Dunno seemed to know the very instant that he decided what to do. For he gave a regular whisper of a joyful bark, and turned back into his puppy self that very minute!

Together they crept carefully to the door. Together they pushed. Slowly it opened—opened—a little at a time, until there was just room for a very small person to slip out. But the train was moving fast—Toono dared not jump.

Boy and dog sat down close by the open door to wait. The fresh air was very comforting. The trees and telegraph poles seemed to wave their black arms at them as they went past. Each house looked so homey and delightful Toono longed to be inside it and wondered how far he was now from Ruth, and her home. And then—the houses were much, much closer together.

Soon there were streets of them, thicker and thicker. The train began to move more slowly. The car bounced and jolted over the places where many tracks crossed, then stood



still, and at that very moment a boy and a dog slipped to the ground, and as the train gave a jerk, and went on again, the two little figures were lost in the black shadows of the great city railroad yards.

The fifth adventure was over.



## CHAPTER VIII

### GOOD-BY TO SAM AND THE COLONEL

**T**OONO and the dog did not go far before they stopped to look around a bit.

And as they stopped all of a sudden they heard a lot of yelling up near the train they had left, and they saw a crowd of men, with lanterns, going along the freight train, yanking open the doors of the cars and throwing the light inside. And from two cars they hauled men Toono had never seen before. There were lots of passengers on that freight train!

Then they came to the car the Colonel and Sam were in. And Toono saw Sam leap out, a fine leap, straight over their heads and run, ducking beneath the cars, and saw the little Colonel double up like a jack knife, and dodge right between the legs of a big fellow, almost upsetting him. But the Colonel too got away.

The train men flashed their lanterns everywhere and called out threats at anybody who tried to "jump" that train again, and then Sam's voice came back, "Don't hurt the boy and the dog—they're all right. Just runaways. They aren't in with us."

"That was nice of Sam," said Toono, and he hurried through the darkness to the place where Sam had seemed to be. But



he wasn't there. Not a sign of him or of the little, cheery, bleary old Colonel could Toono find anywhere.

So he and Dunno, who had grown quite used to hunting out places to sleep, found a big packing box with some straw and papers inside.

"I think," said Toono wisely, "I think that some other tramp has made this bed. Anyhow, Dunno, we'll use it to-night."

And use it they did, not waking till they felt somebody joggle the box. Toono jumped up, frightened, thinking that the men were after him, as they'd been after Sam and the Colonel. But no—it was only the two Spirits, and Toono, who had not seen his Spirit standing up for a long, long time, was quite astonished when he looked at her.

She couldn't have climbed into his pocket any more.

She had grown almost as tall as Toono himself, and her features were getting so they didn't seem wobbly any more, but fitted her face, and her clothes weren't a mass of bunches.

"Why—you're going to be beautiful pretty soon," cried Toono. And the Little Spirit beamed upon him and a button flew straight off and landed right on a place where Toono, who had become rather ragged lately, needed one very much indeed.

"Thank you," he said politely. "You—you haven't any oatmeal or any pancakes or cups of coffee in your pockets, have you?"

The Big Spirit moved away and very soon came back with a paper bag full of rolls and cookies, and the little Prince, dividing them into two parts, fed Dunno and began to munch himself.



"You earned that breakfast," said the Big Spirit. "It's just ten cents' worth."

"Oh—the dime I got from the apple woman," said Toono. "But I certainly let Sam and the Colonel have that."

"Yes," said the Little Spirit, "you certainly did. And it was you who worked for it—not they. You wouldn't have given it up a month ago."

"N-n-o-o," said the little Prince, "I guess I wouldn't. But a fellow learns to share things out in this country."

"Have you learned that—for good?" asked the Little Spirit breathlessly, her whole face beaming.

"Why, yes. Is sharing everything such a big thing?" he asked wonderingly, and giggled when the Little Spirit answered, "It is."

"Now then—what did you learn this time?" she asked.

Toono did not answer directly. He looked at the Big Spirit.

"Haven't you any nice people in this country who don't work?" he asked.

"Not what I call nice," said the Big Spirit with a sudden frown. "The Spirit of this country is that every one shall have some task and do it cheerfully. When people don't live up to that, why I, for one, haven't any liking for them."

"Humph," said the little Prince, "I haven't any liking for those you've shown me, myself."

Then he munched a roll quietly for a minute before he spoke again. "I believe I'm learning," he said suddenly; "I feel I'm on the right track. The man in the circus said I belonged with the people I worked with. So it was work gave me a right to things there. And at the Masons' everybody had something



to do, and they had the nicest times! And at the Orphanage the boys who were most willing got the best things always and the lazy ones got—left.

“Spirit, I’m going to learn what’s wrong with my country through work. Isn’t that right?”

“It is,” said the Big Spirit softly, her eyes shining at him.

“And remember work, wherever it is, whatever it is, is nothing in all the world but helping,” added the Little Spirit.

“I know,” said the Prince. “I have tried to remember that, truly, but it was very hard. But now—bring on another work adventure and just see what I do with it!” and as the King of Helwor jumped up, it seemed to him for a moment that a wondrously beautiful face was looking at him—the face of the Spirit of his Country as it had once been—as he had hoped that it would be again!

But before he could make certain, both Spirits had vanished, and Toono knew that the sixth of his adventures was about to begin because already Dunno, his dog comrade, had changed again.

This time he was a curly haired, little brown dog, with the brightest, softest eyes Toono had ever seen, and the friendliest of wags to his short, fringy tail.

“Come along,” he cried between the doggiest of barks. “Come along—hurry. I’m going to enjoy this adventure a lot myself.”

And the little Prince followed him as he went frisking out into the sunshiny morning.



## THE SIXTH ADVENTURE

### A LITTLE MAN OF BUSINESS

**O**NCE outside the freight yards, Toono found himself in a city the like of which he had never seen.

He wandered on through narrow, high-built streets, feeling as small as he had felt when he stood at the bottom of the steep crags of Helwor.

But here were no faces looking down at him from above. The faces were all around, and they were not looking at him at all.

Every one was in such a hurry that not a person seemed to even notice the small, rather ragged boy, and the curly, bright-eyed dog wagging along at his heels.

So on they wandered till they came to a great square with trees in it and statues and a fountain that threw water high, high in the air. There were many seats facing this fountain and Toono found a place on one of them and sat down, Dunno between his knees.

"Which way, Dunno?" he asked, leaning over the dog's sleek brown head.

"Bow," said Dunno, "bow wow wow wow wow."

"That doesn't help me much, except that it sounds friendly," said Toono. "I do wish you'd talk a little more, when you can just as well as not. Who are you anyway? I want to know!"



It was so long since he had said those words in just that tone that he and the dog looked at each other and began to laugh. And as they laughed suddenly a high astonished voice beside them cried, "Well, jimminy jinktums, if that ain't the laughingest dog I ever saw. He almost says ha ha, don't he?"

"He does say it," said Toono soberly. And Dunno gave a bark that sounded like a regular gale of laughter, and then cocking his head on one side sat up and begged, winding up with an imitation of a dead dog that was so good Toono was almost frightened for a minute.

"My, but he is a winner," cried the voice again, and Toono somehow knew that with the coming of that voice his adventure had begun. So he looked to see who owned it.

A boy was standing in front of them. A boy not much bigger than Toono, and only a trifle older. A boy whose cap was pushed so far back that it looked as though it might fall off his tight-cropped head. A boy with wide gray eyes and a nose that turned up in such a jolly way—not snippily, like Snobina's—and a merry mouth that seemed made for smiling.

Toono's heart warmed to that boy the minute he saw him. "What's your name?" he asked suddenly.

"Timothy Patrick O'Halloran," the boy said importantly. "And I'm a Dago from Russia."

"Oh, are you? How interesting," said Toono innocently. So innocently that the other boy stared at him a minute and then said, "Say, you're too green to live or you're too deep to fool with. Now which is it?"

"Don't know," said the little Prince, and the dog hearing what seemed to be his name, jumped up and went through all his tricks again, which charmed little Tim O'Halloran so much



that he made up his mind to find out more about the two of them then and there.

He was a sharp little city lad who had taken care of himself for years, was Timmy, and he knew a great deal in very short order.

He almost knew as much as Ruth did—at any rate he knew all about her! There was something in his eyes and his smile that just made you trust him, and tell him things.

When the story was ended, Tim jumped up with a nod. “Now then,” he said, “you two come on along with me. I’m going to adopt you. And maybe after a bit we can both go get that Red boy. He sounds good to me. And we’ll go see Ruth too. She must be pretty fine—for a girl. But don’t you talk about her much to the other chaps. They’ll tease. Come along. Let’s go home first.”

“Do you live in a little house?” asked Toono hopefully. He had had his best time in a little house. But to his disappointment Tim was quite scornful and said, “Me?—no—biggest in the block.”

“Oh,” said Toono sadly, “I hope there’ll be a nice butler. Butlers seem to be my friends.”

“What?” demanded Tim, stopping to stare at him. And Toono knew why pretty soon. They had not understood each other at all! For though the house was big, it stood in a very poor and dirty street, and the house looked mussy and the children who played on its steps were in need of a scrubbing.

It seemed stuffed with people. People at the windows, people on the stairs, people in the hallways and looking from the doors.

“Is—is there a party here?” questioned the little Prince.



"Aw, of course not!—they all live here! Didn't you ever see a tenement before?" asked Tim, and sniffed when Toono shook his head. Evidently he was very much behind the times never to have seen a tenement!

But he followed Tim up the narrow stairs, up and up and up till he felt as if they must have climbed at least half way to the moon. And at the very top, under a skylight, Tim stopped and with a great flourish took a key from his pocket, swung open a door, and said, "Walk in—it's me own home."

Toono walked in, and thought what a big difference there could be in homes. For before him was one room. Not a large room. A room with a skylight, no carpet at all, three little piles of things that were evidently to be used as beds on the floor, a rocking chair with only one rocker and a table with only two legs, the other side being securely nailed to the wall, with some boxes fastened above it, which held cups and a plate or two. There were boxes for chairs and some pictures from old magazines pinned on the wall.

"Terry Doolan and me lives here all alone," said Tim proudly. "You see, Terry's father and mine are both dead and Big Tim Doolan who owns this block and lives downstairs, was his father's brother and my father's best friend. I'm named for him. So as he's got more kids of his own than his flat'll hold, why he gives us this room rent free, and sort of looks after us."

"I know," said Toono; "buys your clothes and your meals and—"

"Indeed and you don't know then," interrupted Tim. "Buy us clothes, is it! Hasn't he ten children of his own, mostly girls, to look after? We're able to take care of ourselves, with



Mrs. Doolan to lend us a broom or the use of her stove now and then, and one of the girls to sew on a button or something. We're men." And Tim swelled up till he looked like one.

Toono stared a minute. Then he said slowly, "That means that you work—work for your own living—earn everything for yourselves? How fine!"

"We do," said Tim. "And I'll show you how. We had another chap in here—little Johnny Gallagher—but he got in front of an auto the other day and now he is in hospital, having a dandy time. Just the same—look out for the autos. The hospital's all right, but the getting hurt ain't any fun. Now come along. It's time for the noon edition."

Tim led him through the crowded streets to a corner where stood a great grim old church, on whose gray steps were already gathered crowds of boys, tumbling over each other like a lot of active young puppies.

There wasn't any fighting though, and Toono thought he'd like to go in and share the fun, when suddenly every boy stiffened up, listened, and then ran down the steps and into the streets as a small, two-wheeled wagon drawn by one horse hurried up. There were two boys in the wagon, bigger boys than Toono or Tim. One drove, and one handed out to the crowds of boys who shouldered up, great packages of papers, while the boys handed him pennies that he dropped into a leather bag that swung at his waist.

Toono watched the pushing, noisy crowd in wonder. Then he saw Tim fighting and waving his arms in the midst of it. The boy who gave out the papers yelled something, the boy who drove whipped up the horse, the other boys jumped away from the little wagon, and in a jiffy it had vanished around the





"Say—that dog is a wonder—he's earned his dinner all right," said Tim admiringly.

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corner and the crowd had scattered every which way. It was almost like a fairy tale—it had all happened so quickly. Even Dunno gave a bark of astonishment.

“Here’s a bunch of papers for you,” said Tim’s voice. “Not many, ’cause you’re a beginner. Here, take ’em. Penny each, you know. You’re to call, ‘A big robbery in the East End.’ You watch me now.” Suddenly jolly, good-looking little Tim was changed to a yelling imp. “Big robbery in the East End,” he shouted, grabbing a paper from the moist pile over his arm, “Read all the horrible details!—paper!—paper!—extry!—extry!—horrible robbery in the East End!”—and he dashed in front of a gentleman, waved the paper under his nose, had a penny out of the gentleman’s pocket and a paper in the gentleman’s hand before Toono could wink, and had gone hurrying on to another.

He was back in a few minutes, half his papers sold already.

“That’s the way,” he said. “Go in and win.” Toono tried, but it was all very new to him, and he might not have sold any if it had not been for Dunno. That wonderful dog seemed ready for everything.

Now he jumped about and barked till he made people look at him, and then he grabbed papers from Toono’s arms with his teeth and flaunted them at people, till one after another stopped to buy, and Toono’s pile was gone as soon as Tim’s was.

“Say—that dog is a wonder—he’s earned his dinner all right,” said Tim admiringly. “You owe me eight cents. Here’s eight for you. Pretty good for a starter. We’ll do the big selling this afternoon. Last edition’s the one I live on. Let’s go get dinner.”

He led Toono to a wonderful restaurant where the cups were



so heavy it was hard to lift them. But they were big, and you got them full of warm, comforting cocoa for three cents. Another three cents bought a big sandwich, and for the two extra pennies Toono had, the waiter, who like everybody else turned out to be a friend of Tim's, took Dunno behind a screen and fed him till he came out actually looking fatter than when he went in.

"Always glad to have you bring a dog like that," said the waiter. "Come again. He's politer than most people—and has better table manners too."

"Of course he has—thank you," said Toono proudly. And the boys and the dog walked happily off, to meet Terry, who, it seemed, was an office boy somewhere.

Toono asked what an office boy was, and had it all explained to him. Tim seemed to think that Terry had a better chance ahead of him to make what he called "big" money than he had, but, "I couldn't stand the being shut up all day!" said Master Tim. "Hey—there he is." And Toono saw a stocky blond boy grinning at them. He was soon friends with Terry too, and the three had a great feast up in their "home" that night.

Tired as he was, Toono lay awake in his hard little bed on the floor, to think things over. And he thought more and more as the days went on, and he earned everything he ate, as well as new shoes, and a collar for Dunno, and a couple of clean blouses.

He liked being a newsboy. He was learning more about this new country now than he had in all his other adventures put together, and more about other boys, and grown-up ways.

The boys teased him a good deal, as Tim had said they would, but Toono soon made up his mind that the best thing he could do



was to tease back. So he did, and found that plan worked beautifully. It wasn't long till he had made as many friends as Dunno—which was saying a very great deal, for all the boys admired Dunno, the dog who had learned to sell papers.

But the stories Terry told about his office made Toono curious. Terry seemed to know a lot about a still different life, and Toono, always looking for the place where the great secret of the lost letters and their meaning should come to him, wondered if he'd learn them there and decided to try.

So finally Terry got him a chance to be an office boy too, and, very slick and clean and shiny, Toono went one morning whirling up in the first elevator he had ever been in, to the big offices at the very tiptop of a huge building.

Toono caught his breath and shut his fists hard, and Dunno—why, Dunno disgraced himself by howling!

Elevators were evidently as unknown in the magic land he came from as they were in Helwor, and he liked them no better than he had liked his first automobile.

"I'm so far up in the world, I feel as if I ought to turn into a Skye terrier," he whispered to Toono as they stepped out. "It's the only kind of a dog that would really fit up here. But of course with Tim and Terry knowing me so well I can't. Isn't it too bad?" And Dunno, who loved to exactly fit every occasion, drooped his tail and looked sad over the lost opportunity.

Terry had been certain that Dunno would not be allowed in the offices, but he got in, and somehow managed to stay, while Terry was teaching Toono his work.

Everything seemed odd to Toono, and he stared hard at the men who came in and sat down at desks in the big room, or who



went into little rooms opening off it and slammed the glass doors importantly behind them.

"And you say they're all rich?" he asked Terry, in surprise.

"Sure. The ones in the rooms are richer than the ones with just desks, but they're all rich, and I'm going to be rich some day because I'm going to work like blazes."

"Oh," said Toono, "do they—even the very rich ones, work like blazes?"

"You bet they do—or they'd soon get poor again," said Terry wisely. "It doesn't pay to work too hard, but if you are lazy you'll never be worth anything."

"Oh," said Toono again, "I think I'm beginning to understand." And as he said it, a big button dropped on the desk before him.

"You do have more buttons and things busting off in more funny places," said Terry. "And it always seems to tickle you so. I don't understand it. Now I'd be mad to think I had to sew 'em on."

"It's my business to bust off buttons," said Toono gravely. "And I'm going to work at it like blazes." And to Terry's horror another button came from somewhere—a tin trousers button—and hit Terry fairly on the tip of the nose.

"Aw say—don't go losing 'em around the boss like that, or you'll lose your job too," said Terry disgustedly. "Sew 'em on tighter."

But Toono only laughed—and listened and looked.

For a few days he was very quiet. For a few evenings he seemed rather thoughtful and queer, and wrote a great deal, making many letters, but few words.

He would spend money on things to make their room comfort-



able and he was always trying to do something for the boys. At last he even told Dunno to go out with Tim for the day, to Tim's great delight.

But the very next morning after that they were gone! Boy and dog—they had vanished in the night and nothing was to be seen of them but Toono's best cap marked "For Terry" and the newest blouse, marked "For Tim." And beneath, on each little paper was scrawled, "Good-by. I think I'll see you again. Anyhow, thanks for everything. Love from Dunno and me."

"Well," said Tim slowly, "if that doesn't beat anything I ever heard. Where do you suppose they've gone? Terry—do you think they went crazy?"

"No," said Terry, "I don't. I think there was a mystery about them. That dog was too smart for an ordinary dog, and there was something queer about Tony. You watch. Something funny's going to come of this. We'll see them again all right."



## CHAPTER IX

### READY FOR THE LAST ADVENTURE

**T**HOUGH Tim and Terry were very much mystified, the thing was not really mysterious after all.

Prince Toono of Helwor had just decided that it was time for the sixth adventure to stop, and for the seventh and last one to begin!

He had been doing a deal of thinking lately. Somehow the life in the office, among the men and boys there, had done a great deal for him. He had talked things over with Dunno in the night a number of times, and though Dunno wouldn't really say very much that helped, Toono felt that this best friend of his agreed with him.

Time was getting short. Toono wanted the whole thing over. He felt more certain than ever that he was going to succeed, and he wanted to do it right away!

So he did what he had never done before. He commanded the Spirits to appear!

After Tim and Terry were asleep, he crept out, with Dunno, to a little park where he could be alone.

And then standing straight and brave in the moonlight he had commanded the Spirits of his country and of that country he was visiting, to appear before him. They had come.



And as they appeared Toono felt his breath almost stop, his eyes grow large with wonder. For there was so very little difference between them! The Spirit of Helwor was not a little Spirit any more!

"How—how few extra buttons and things there are on your clothes now, Spirit," he said. And his Spirit smiled.

"Almost all disposed of, thanks to you," she said gayly. "And the way my wrinkles are going would be the best sort of advertisement for any beauty doctor. But don't you think you are getting very brave all of a sudden—ordering us around like this?"

"Yes," said the little Prince soberly, "but I need to be brave. You know you said so yourself. And I have something to say, Spirits. I am ready for the last adventure."

"What did you learn in this one?" asked the Big Spirit.

But Toono shook his head. "I'm not going to tell," he said. "I can't tell, exactly. I'm just beginning to piece all my adventures together. It's like a puzzle picture. I have to fit this bit in here and that bit there, and then find out what sort of a looking thing they do make, all put together. I'm learning—but I can't tell exactly what yet. I'm beginning to find out what a great deal I don't know."

"That's the best thing that could happen to you," said the Little Spirit, who was really hardly a Little Spirit any more, but almost a Big one. "What do you think about it?" and she turned to the puppy.

"Don't know," barked the puppy. "Don't know."

"That's all I have been able to make him say lately," said Toono. "I didn't know how very well 'Dunno' fitted him for a name at first. Spirits, aren't you ever going to tell me who he



really is? Won't you promise to tell me as soon as my adventures are ended?"

"Don't know," said the Spirits together, laughing, and the puppy turned a summersault and walked round Toono three times on his front paws, his tail wagging saucily while he did it.

Toono couldn't help laughing, too, and at that the puppy came right side up in a jiffy, thrust his nose into the boy's hand a minute, and then said, "I'll tell you something I do know anyhow. It's getting late, and if we don't hurry, we're apt to be caught by some of our newsboy friends. It's getting time for the first editions."

"Quite true," said the Big Spirit, and the Little Spirit nodded.

"Remember, it's your last," Toono heard the Little Spirit say softly in his ear. "For your sake—for my sake—for the sake of poor, shrunken, forgotten old Helwor, be sure you get all the pieces of your picture puzzle together—and then be sure you make the proper picture."

"I'll try," said Toono. "I'll try."

He had been all ready to tramp after this adventure himself. He had rather expected the Spirits to tell him that he would have to find it.

But no. Both Spirits stooped toward him now. He felt their arms about him, and then he was lifted—lifted high up. He had a funny fancy that he was flying, and that Dunno had sprouted a pair of wings and was flying after him, playing over all his tricks in the air as he went along.

Then Toono felt himself dropping, dropping, till at last he lay softly down on something that smelled fresh and sweet and was warm and comfy as could be.

He had a notion that he tried to wake up but couldn't, because



Dunno had kissed his eyes with his pink little tongue and told him they wouldn't come open till they were kissed again.

And when he woke in the morning he did not pop his eyes open till Dunno had come frisking up and given them that funny little kiss of his—not at all like a dog kiss, but very tender and human.

“Wake up,” cried Dunno. “The last adventure is here!”

And Toono, expecting to be in some very wonderful place, indeed opened his eyes wide and started up eagerly.

But the next moment he dropped back again.

Had the Spirits played a trick upon him? Had they sent him back to the tramp life with Sam and the Colonel?

It must be—for he lay in no wonderful place with no wonderful things about him.

He was lying at the side of a big straw stack, in the very hole he had burrowed out for himself and Dunno not many weeks before, and he could see the places where Sam and the Colonel had slept, close beside him.

“What is it? What does it mean?” he asked Dunno. But—Dunno was nowhere in sight!



## THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE WITH THE LITTLE MISS TWINS

**F**OR just a moment the little Prince of Helwor had a notion that he was going to cry. His last—his greatest adventure, the one that was to settle everything—and it began in a straw stack—worse, a straw stack that he had slept in before, in those days when he was a tramp!

Were the Spirits angry with him? Why when he was ready and eager to work should they throw him back into what had been the most unpleasant adventure of the lot?

But suddenly, "I will not cry—I ought to be ashamed of myself," said the Prince of Helwor. "The harder this adventure is to be the harder I must try to get something worth while out of it." And as he said that, for the last time a rain of hooks and buttons came pattering around him, while he heard Dunno's voice coming nearer and nearer. There was evidently some one with him—two some ones Prince Toono thought. For he heard what seemed to be two sweet, merry little voices say together, "Oh, dear me, doggie, don't bark so loud—we know you want us—we're coming."

"Bow," said Dunno, "bow wow wow wow wow!" And he suddenly bounced into sight.

Over night he had changed into a particularly large shepherd dog, and as he stood above Toono, with his long white



teeth flashing and the great ruff round his neck standing out full and big, and his long thin nose poking downward, he did look rather unexpectedly fierce, and very much like a wolf!

Maybe he meant to look that way, so that Toono should shrink back a little and turn rather white. At any rate that was what happened, and before the little Prince had time to pull himself together again around the corner of the straw stack fluttered two of the dearest little old ladies in the world!

Very little they were—not much bigger than Ruth herself, Toono thought—with the lightest little figures and the tiniest feet and hands. They both had on clean gray and white cotton dresses, just alike, with black and white gingham aprons tied neatly over them, and they both had rippling gray hair and bright eyes that looked over the tops of gold spectacles that had fallen half-way down their noses, and they both—oh, but there they were so very much alike that Toono would have been certain he was seeing double if it had not just been that the eyes that looked over one pair of spectacles were blue and the eyes that looked over the other pair were hazel!

“Why, Sister Alvira—the dog has a boy,” exclaimed the blue-eyed old lady.

And, “Why, Sister Almira, it’s a boy has the dog,” said the hazel-eyed one. And then they stopped still, in exactly the same way, and stared at Toono, while Dunno ran from their feet to his, tugging first at their skirts and then at Toono’s sleeve—a sleeve which Toono saw to his disgust was more ragged and dirty than it had been even in his tramping days.

Somehow Toono made up his mind it was better for him not to say a word for a minute, till they got quite used to him.

So he lay still looking at them, till suddenly both sweet old



mouths opened at the very same second and just as if they had been rehearsing it for months, they said exactly together, "Boy, where is your  $\begin{cases} \text{father?} \\ \text{mother?} \end{cases}$ " Only Miss Almira said "mother" and Miss Alvira said "father."

"I—I haven't either one," said Toono. "I'm an orphan."

"O-o—ooh," said the two little ladies together. Then they looked into each other's eyes. "Why—so are we," they said.

Toono had a sort of notion that most people, who were as old as the little ladies seemed to be, were generally orphans. But they didn't seem to think it would have been strange if they hadn't been—they didn't seem to think they were very much older than the little Prince, though the next question they asked was, "How old are you?"

"Eleven," said the little Prince, who had had a birthday just the week before.

"Why—exactly one fourteenth as old as our ages added together—we're twins," said Miss Almira, and set Toono off doing mental arithmetic as fast as ever he could.

"Truly," said Miss Alvira, "and this is the fourteenth day of October. Sister—we need a boy."

"We do," said Miss Almira, "and we need a new shepherd dog. I suppose these two go together. Come, boy—come, dog."

And picking up her dainty skirts Miss Almira led the procession back across a barnyard, through a big barn, and so in at the side door of a low white farmhouse whose shining windows seemed to smile a welcome to all the world.

Toono wasn't allowed past the porch at present. They stopped him there, and stopped Dunno too. But presently they were both back again, each with a broom. And Miss





George  
Carlson.

Once again Toono told almost all his story.  
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Almira gravely swept off Toono, while Miss Alvira swept Dunno's rough coat till it seemed as if she might sweep all the hair off along with the dirt.

"Now then," said the little old ladies right together, "come in <sup>{boy."</sup><sub>{dog."</sub> Miss Alvira saying "dog" and Miss Almira "boy."

And in they stepped, to be caught up in a perfect whirlwind of kindness.

Such a pulling out of chairs and shaking of cushions! Such a bringing out of jams and jellies and cookies and biscuit! Such a sizzling of eggs and hunting up of bones!

The two little old ladies watched each other very closely all the time as if each was afraid the other would talk without her.

And at last when dog and boy had eaten every scrap they could hold, the old ladies seemed to actually burst out with the question, "Now—tell us everything."

And once again Toono told almost all his story, and never, never had any persons listened as breathlessly as did these two.

"Why, it's like a fairy <sup>{tale,"</sup><sub>{story,"</sub> they said together, and then jumped and looked reproachfully at each other as they always did when their sentences ended differently. Though why they should each expect the other to always know exactly the word to say, Toono could not understand. He thought it was wonderful enough as it was—the way they said things exactly together that they couldn't have practiced beforehand.

But one sentence they said exactly alike—"You shall just stay with us always. This shall be your home, and we'll be your—" Toono saw them stop, look at each other, and then they both said "parents" so suddenly Toono jumped.



Then there was another whirlwind of kindness—and cleanliness too, this time. Before Toono could exclaim or Dunno could escape, those two surprising little old ladies had got two big wooden wash tubs out into the middle of the floor, and the boy went into one tub and the dog went into the other, and there they stood all sheepish and sloppy, while the old ladies scrubbed to their hearts' content.

Dunno got out of that best, for he carried his coat on his back and was soon frisking in the sunshine to dry it.

But as the King of Helwor proudly refused to wear either a white cotton wrapper or a blue silk dress, and his own clothes were pronounced good for nothing but burning, into bed he had to go, after the twins had got out a tape line and measured him.

So there he lay in a sweet-smelling, white room, wondering about this last adventure of his and what under the sun he could learn in such a very quiet place, from two such old and simple people. Somehow it upset all the plans he had made as to the fitting together of that picture puzzle of his.

He wondered all the more, as the days went quietly on. He and Dunno had dropped into place at the home of the twins, as though they had always lived there. Dunno drove Sweet Clover, the cow, down to pasture in the morning and up again at night, and guarded the place as it had never been guarded before. Toono went soberly to a little red brick schoolhouse and did chores.

He helped the old ladies wherever he could and liked it too.

They were already planning just what college they would send him to when he grew up. And they could agree on that point. But they always ended up with one sentence, "And then when he graduates he'll be a {doctor,"  
lawyer." Miss Almira



saying the lawyer and Miss Alvira the doctor. And then they always looked reproachfully at each other and started to work very hard at something. They never doubted but that Toono was their boy for always.

And he began to think he might be himself, as he saw the leaves drop away, till all the trees were bare, and the snow came and covered them up with cuddly bathrobes of white.

Then it came time for Thanksgiving, and the most wonderful things were happening in that house! How the old ladies did bustle about to be sure. And how their eyes shone and their lips smiled!

And then Christmas, which was more exciting still. Toono had had Christmases in Helwor, but it didn't seem a wonderful time there at all. Everybody there was more or less bored by Christmas—because it cost so much. Always he could remember old Lord Nobbie getting out the court pocketbook and shaking his bald head over it and saying that Christmas was a nuisance, and Santa Claus ought not to be talked about at all.

But here—why, the little old twins spoke of Santa Claus as if he was their oldest, their very dearest, friend!

It wasn't a nuisance or a bore to them—it was all wonderful and delightful as Toono had always thought it ought to be, and he helped them do all sorts of things from chopping mince meat to trimming the pretty little church with green.

It was such fun going home from the church through the snow on Christmas eve!

Toono had a brand new sled and he bundled the "Miss Twins," as he called them, on to it, and hitched himself and Dunno to the rope and the twins giggled like little girls, and Dunno barked and Toono shouted with glee. And then the



stocking hanging by the wide fireplace—two stockings for the twins on one side and two for Toono and Dunno on the other.

When the Prince of Helwor fell asleep that night, he didn't much care whether he ever did go home or not, and he said so.

He said so—and then the most awful dreams came! He saw his Spirit, shriveled and shrunken more than ever she had been before, and he heard her wailing, wailing, and then she pointed, and far, far away he saw Helwor, and the crags were crumbling beneath the castle—the country grew smaller before his very eyes!

Prince Toono gave a cry and sat up in bed.

Sure enough his Spirit stood beside him, and she was smaller than she had been the last time he saw her, and there was a look of terror on her face.

“Oh, Prince,” she pleaded, “after you have passed through so much and done so nobly, will you desert me and your country now?”

“No,” cried the little Prince. “No—but, O Spirit, why did you send me here to these lovely people, where everything is so sweet and quiet and fine? What is there here for me to learn? What can I do but just be happy?”

“There is everything to learn,” said the Little Spirit. “The Spirit of this Country lives most in such places as this. She loves best the people like your little Miss Twins. Find why you are happy here—and save Helwor, and be happy there!”

The Spirit vanished. And when Toono woke in the dim light of Christmas morning, and side by side with the little young-old twin ladies crept, breathless, down to the stockings, he wondered if he had not dreamed it all.



But he forgot everything in the joy of the presents. Such wonderful things as had been given him!

"Why,"—cried Toono, made wise by his life in Helwor, "why, these things must have cost lots of money."

"And why not?" said Miss Alvira brightly. "We're quite rich, though we don't think much about it," said Miss Almira.

The little Prince looked up from his presents. "Rich?" he queried. "And yet you work so hard? You do everything yourselves? You have no servants? And you do so much for other people—why do you do it?"

The two little ladies looked deep into each other's eyes.

And somehow it seemed to Toono that on their pretty withered faces came the look of the great grand Spirit of their Country.

"What would life be worth without  $\begin{cases} \text{working?} \\ \text{helping?} \end{cases}$  said the twins together. And for once they did not look reproachfully at each other, but nodded as though each approved deeply of the word the other had used.

Toono's gifts dropped from his hands. His face grew bright and he seemed to feel around him the presence of the Spirits.

Inside his brain all the bits of the great puzzle he was solving seemed to go click—click—and slide quickly into their places.

The last adventure had helped solve all the others.

"Helwor is saved at last," cried the little Prince.

He looked about him. The Miss Twins had taken their presents and gone back to bed. He was alone in the room except for the light of that lovely star.

"Spirit of My Country, come to me," cried the little Prince.

And suddenly he saw her standing there before him.



## CHAPTER X

### HELWOR GOES HOME

“**I** KNOW—I know!” cried the Prince. And the Spirit, who had been growing lovelier right along lately, became so very big and beautiful, Toono almost blinked when he looked at her.

“He knows,” she cried joyfully. And suddenly there was the Big Spirit, who was the Bigger Spirit no longer, clapping her hands, and Dunno, barking for joy. Every one was happy.

“Now then,” said the Spirit of Helwor, when they had quieted down, “tell us when and how you came to know.”

“Here, just now,” answered Toono. “I wondered why you put me in such a quiet place for my last adventure. But I needed it to help think things out. I understand now. In the first adventure, I just kind of got acquainted with your world, and the fact that most folks worked, and most folks laughed. With Ruth, I found out about the little houses. What nice people lived in them, and what happiness there was in them, and how no country could ever be happy or successful without a lot of them. Then in the Orphanage I found out how necessary love is to happiness, and how a boy must study what other boys study, or he’ll never get anywhere at all. And the Botts taught me what a horrid snob I’d been, and how it never pays to think you’re better than other folks. Tramping out showed



me it paid to work and be honest, and with Tim and Terry I got a sight of the business world. And then here with the dear little Miss Twins I had time to piece everything together, and they showed me the happiness of helping others, and always being cheerful and busy and kind. Oh, I know just how to make over Helwor now. When can I begin, Spirits?"

"Now," said his own Spirit, smiling happily.

"And my cities and farms and people—and my little houses—where are they?" asked Toono.

"Waiting—all waiting for a chance to go home."

"But—" and Toono's face suddenly grew grave—"my friends in this country! I love them so. I hate to leave them." He turned to the Big Spirit, "Please," he asked, "you have so many wholesome, happy workers here, and I need others so badly, can't I take my friends to Helwor?"

"You'll have more people of the kind you describe than you think for," said the Big Spirit. "But take all the friends you please."

"Oh, thank you," cried Toono, and he kissed both the Spirits and hugged Dunno, and then found himself at the breakfast table, with both the Miss Twins blushing and smiling and saying they hadn't been so well kissed in years!

Toono ate his breakfast, and then gathered a little old lady into either arm, sat them down on the sofa, and told them the whole tale, causing their eyes to pop with astonishment.

"Of course we'll go with you. For a visit, at least," they said together. "We must see you as a  $\begin{cases} \text{man.} \\ \text{king.} \end{cases}$ "

They had promised to pack and follow him quickly. Toono fairly raced. He reeled off the story to Tim and Terry so fast he had to take time to tell it all over again.



"Great," said Tim. "Any good paper routes in your kingdom?"

"Fine—any good firms to get a job with?" said Terry.

"Not yet. But there will be. Tim will make the paper, and Terry the business. Bring Johnny along."

"Hooray," they cried. "You bet we'll be there."

Sam and the Colonel, Toono couldn't find, and he felt as if he didn't care about having the Botts. He had snobs enough at home now. So straight to the Orphanage he went, and astonished Reddy Jones nearly out of his freckles by adopting him. And then, not satisfied yet, and sure of the love supply of the little Miss Twins, he adopted every other boy too, and leaving Red to bring along the whole happy crowd, he hurried on to Ruth.

There it stood—the same warm little red home, with its smiling windows. And there was Ruth upon the porch.

"I know, I know, Ruth," cried the Prince, as he rushed in. And hand in hand they danced about for joy.

But when he started to tell her all his story Ruth shook her head at him. "I know already," she said.

"How?" asked Toono, much surprised.

"From your Spirit," said Ruth. "You see, though I never told you, my people are Helworians. That's why I understood so soon what you were looking for, and what you had to do. And because I did know, your Spirit, who was often a lonesome and a homesick little Spirit, and sometimes discouraged, too, came to me to be comforted, and told me all about you, and sometimes even asked my help in helping you."

"Ruth," said Toono, "you're the best girl ever. And I won't have to ask you to go home with me. If you are from Helwor,



you'll be going anyhow, won't you?" he asked the question a little fearfully. He was so afraid the people of Helwor might not wish to go back.

But Ruth nodded placidly. "Of course," she said. "I told Mother days ago, and she's been packing ever since. But hurry now—you mustn't lose any time."

"I won't!" Off dashed Toono, hunting for the circus.

He found it, and more surprising, he made the manager say he'd go with him, and Toono had the joy of riding all the way to the edge of the Black Desert, where the Spirits had said everybody was to meet for the great moving day, on top of the band-wagon.

And from that high perch he made some important discoveries.

Sam, his own Sam, was ticket taker, the Colonel was tending an elephant, and Eustace Harrington Jocelyn Botts had lost all his money, and become page to the cross-kind lady, and didn't like it at all, but showed signs of becoming a pretty decent chap, with time!

As the band-wagon entered the orchard he remembered so well, Henry, the Botts' old chauffeur, in the biggest of red touring cars, drew up beside the band-wagon.

"A lady who said you'd know who she was by this handful of buttons, sent me to you," he called up to Toono. "She said to tell you she'd changed her mind about autos, and you were to get in here, to go home."

Laughingly, Toono stowed away those last lost buttons of his fully grown Spirit, jumped down, and got into the auto, and it took him in amongst his people.

And there Toono beheld a very wonderful sight.

There were crowds and crowds of people. Old and young,



and rich and poor, surged and shouted there together. There were babies in arms, and sick people, and very, very fat people, and lame people—but there didn't seem to be a sad person in all the crowd! Lots of them were walking. A few were in automobiles. There were big farm wagons full of children, and buggies and pony carts. But more interesting than the sight of the people, was the sight of their possessions! For they weren't going visiting—they were going home! Moving vans, stuffed full were there, lace curtains fluttered from under the seats of grocers' carts, bedsteads poked their awkward posts from the rear of ice wagons, barrels of tinware clanked merrily on big drays—now and then a crash from some delivery wagon showed that the packing had been done altogether too hurriedly, and some housewife rushed anxiously over to see just how many plates or saucers had gone to smash forever.

But strangest of all was the sight of the houses! They were there too! Little cottages, seeming to stand on tiptoe ready to be off. Big houses, sprawling uncomfortably, as if not knowing which corner to step out with first. Heavy brick houses, like red-faced fat folk, dreading to move, yet determined to do it. They were very odd, and human and funny, those houses!

Over everything, and visible to every one, the Spirit of Helwor presided, so beautiful it hurt your eyes to look at her.

She was helping everybody, congratulating everybody, kissing babies, petting children, encouraging old folk, directing the houses, and it was she who first saw Toono, and who led the cheer that went up when the people welcomed him.

Toono rose and bowed and bowed till his neck ached. And he was so happy he wanted to cry.

But just as the lump in his throat was getting a little too



large to swallow, the Spirit came up with the beaming, happy little Miss Twins, their small arms quite stretched with the numerous bundles of things that had been too precious to take in any other way. And there were Tim and Terry waiting to help them in, and Red Jones, looking like a small red sun himself, coming with Ruth—Ruth all alone, without any Honey Bunch or baby or anything!

Into Toono's motor went the Miss Twins—in went Ruth!

The people cheered again, the Spirit raised her hand!

"Ready," she cried. "On to Helwor!"

Under Henry's hands the great motor car shot forward at the head of the parade, the circus falling in behind, with the band and the steam calliope both going as hard as ever they could, and the people laughing and cheering as they came after.

But ever, just ahead of Toono flew a strange brownish-green cloud. The very land of Helwor was hurrying home! The parts of the kingdom that had fallen away were fitting themselves into their old places again!

Toono could see great hills go by, and settle heavily into place. Farms, with their cows and pigs and chickens, mooing, grunting, cackling wildly, flew by, and sank down where they used to be with no damage done to the smallest grain of corn in the corn cribs.

Orchards and forests raced through the air, the trees rooting themselves briskly in the ground, as it settled down about them, and then spreading out their branches joyfully, as one stretches after a good brisk run.

Now and then Toono was sprinkled with water from some brook, going home so fast that in its joy and hurry it spilled over a bit. Now and then a whole group of buildings went



scurrying past, and when Toono came up he found them settling down into a village, with a Square in the center and churches and schools and stores, all complete.

And then something big and heavy shot by him with a bang, fitted itself down over the new ground, and tucked itself in under the very wheels of his auto. The Great High Road of Helwor had come back into place again, ready for work!

Far ahead, it had fastened itself to the Great Gates, with such a jar that the old folks inside thought the end of everything had come.

But when they found it hadn't, they began to look to see what had happened, and as Toono drove up he saw not only the crags of Helwor and the sand of the Black Desert disappear beneath the land that was hurrying back; he saw not only the big bright city, with its streets and squares and stores and thousands of happy little houses, marching into shape; he saw besides many faces that he knew peering out over the Great Gates, which really and truly had grown bigger since he went away!

"I've come back," cried Toono. "It's Prince Toono, back again with the land that fell away, and the people who left! Open the Great Gates."

And a feeble cheer went up from the poor old people and this time, as there was plenty of spirit in their pushing, the Great Gates flew open with a clash like the sound of many clapping hands, and Toono jumped from his auto and ran straight into his grandmother's arms, while faithful old Lord Nobbie nearly hugged the Queen in his eagerness to shake hands with his Prince!

All around them people were greeting their sons and daugh-





A feeble cheer went up from the poor old people.

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ters and grandchildren and brothers and sisters. The very walls of the castle seemed shouting, "How de do," to the houses settling down about them once more, and as Toono looked up he saw a flash of green, and the Park, the old map showed, spread its cool green lawns and its flower beds down about him!

Oh, it was a wonderful time! And such a noisy time it quite upset prim little Cadston. The Cads, in terror, sent over a herald to ask what had happened, and when he reported the truth, Princess Snobina said that if Prince Algernon, etc., etc., had associated with ordinary people while he was out in the world, their engagement was ended. Whereat the Helworians actually cheered and Snobina was so angry that she married the Duke of Bore on the spot, and they were stiff and stupid and snobby and unpopular forever more!

But Toono? Why, Toono had outgrown Snobina. He was too polite to cheer, but he lost no time in going to a certain little red brick house with smiling windows, and telling the whole story to Ruth, and asking her to help him out, because he was so very fond of her.

And when the Helworians knew that they were to have a sweet little brown-eyed Queen from among their own little houses, they cheered so hard they nearly split the air.

Such a crowning as those two had, to be sure! The circus paraded itself nearly to death, and even the horses on the Merry-go-round were quite worn out with excitement.

After all was over, King Toono called the Spirit to him, as he and his Queen sat on their thrones in the great throne room, cleaned and dusted and bright these days.

"One thing I have needed," said the King, "one person I



have missed: Where, dear Spirit, is my friend and comrade, Dunno?"

"I don't know," answered the Spirit.

"Who was he? Where can I find him? I'll never be happy without him," said the King earnestly. The Spirit shook her head, but smiled too, and hearing a laugh behind him, the King looked just as the big lovable puppy trotted into sight.

"You have had me right along," said the puppy.

"How? Where?" and the King looked puzzled.

"Everywhere. I am the Spirit of Comradeship. Without me no one can travel far in this world, or be very happy. I'd been lost in Helwor for many years, but when you felt the need of me, I came back to you, in the shape that would help you most, just then. Boys need dogs."

"But I need you—just you," insisted the King.

Dunno laughed. "I'm in hundreds of shapes all around you, now," he said. "But as you are so particular about it, I'll leave you a few souvenirs of myself. Bow wow!"

He turned a summersault, and the poodle of circus days stood there, waving his plummy tail. "Bow wow." Beside the poodle stood a tiny white toy dog. "Bow wow," and the Newfoundland Honey Bunch had loved, fell into line. "Bow wow." Another flip-flop, and in trotted the serious little pug of the Orphanage. "Bow wow," and a tired coach dog slouched in. "Bow wow," and the lap dog Mrs. Botts had admired appeared on the scene. "Bow wow wow," and the half-bull dog came in, tongue out, and one ear chewed. "Bow wow," and up raced the pretty spaniel who had sold papers. "Bow wow wow wow," and with the last flip-flop of all, in dashed the big shepherd dog the Miss Twins knew.



"There," said the puppy, squinting his eye along the row of dogs, "there I am all of me. Now then, you fellows—behave! Lots of boys in this kingdom now. You're needed. Do your best by every one. No snapping, mind. Good-by."

"Bow wow wow," barked all the dogs in chorus. And while they were barking, the puppy turned a last flip-flop and vanished from sight forever!

But though he never came again, the memory of him stayed.

Travelers to Helwor always speak of the many beautiful and intelligent dogs to be seen there, and of the fine spirit of comradeship that is shown to the poorest stranger.

They speak, too, of the energy of the people, of the wonderful Helwor *Daily News*, of the delightful Mr. Jones, who looks after all the children in the country, rich and poor, to see they have what they need, and don't have what they don't need.

But most they speak of the dearly loved King and Queen, of the two bright-eyed, sweet-faced, little twin ladies who ride out with them and the little Princes so often, and of the two letters, P and K, which King and Queen and Princes wear in diamonds in their crowns, which flash in electric lights here and there throughout the kingdom, which appear at the head of every issue of the *News*.

They are interesting letters but not mysterious any more. They are the ones the little Prince of other days worked so hard to find. The letters that made the name of Helwor mean something.

The letters that turned it into "Help Work."



















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